

THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

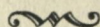
WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA

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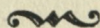
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*"Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change incessantly,
His soul's wings never furlled."*

—BROWNING

Contributing Editors



MISS Dorothy McKay, author of "C'est Tout, Marie," that charming short story with its delightfully bewildering moments, and composer of the two poems, "Crossroads" and "Youth's Own Life," is one of the most prolific as well as one of the most talented writers of the college.

Miss Fairfid Monsalvatge found time from her duties as editor of The Watchtower and a member of the annual staff to write a heartwarming essay on "Finding My Niche in College."

One of the new contributors to The Wesleyan, Miss Carroll Boyd makes her bow in the writers' circle with the unusual and intriguing story, "The Gentle Art of Horse-trading," the beautiful feature article on "Florida" in which she reveals clearly enough that she is a

loyal Floridian, and the local color sketch, "On the Old plantation," that is a marvelous word picture of the old South.

The quill of Miss Elizabeth Coates gives us those piquing book reviews under the titles, "On Our Bookshelves." She has been one of the warmest supporters of the magazine in years past.

Evelyn Aven, last year's editor of the Watchtower, gives the magazine the benefit of her editorial style in "The Process of Orienting." Miss Aven is a member of the honorary writers club, the Scribes and Pharisees.

The freshmen whose "Great Expectations" are published, have swung into the spirit of Wesleyan with a vim. With such enthusiasm as they have shown by entering the contest surely they have some reward of great honor waiting for them in college.



Foreword



HE WESLEYAN, literary magazine of Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, enters upon the twenty-eighth volume.

Since *Wesleyan*, of beautiful tradition and historical significance, has oriented herself to the needs of the present by planning to relinquish the beloved buildings and site of old Wesleyan for more modern and more ample quarters that will be the Greater Wesleyan, the magazine for 1926-1927 will be developed around the central theme of progress with issues featuring the progress of youth, of women, of education, of art, and of the spirit of internationalism.

Daughters of *Wesleyan* and students of the world, we devote our magazine to the discussion of accomplishments of our age, the result of the ideals of the generations that have preceded us, in hope of inspiring the next generation to carry on the work which their fathers have done, as well as to keep burning the torch of vision which has been thrown to us down the ages.

*"Not in vain the distance beacons forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."*

—TENNYSON

THE WINNER
of the
FRESHMAN ESSAY CONTEST
for the November issue of
THE WESLEYAN
MISS HELEN KILPATRICK
with the best essay on the subject
"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"
The prize to be a box of candy.

Great Expectations

By HELEN KILPATRICK, '30



REAT EXPECTATIONS" is the endowment with which a person can start out in this world. The ability to look into the future and see over and around the huge stumbling blocks of worry and the dark abyses of sorrow and despair into the bright plains of happiness and success is one of the greatest gifts that the gods can give to one.

The youth who has a book of dreams for the future to open and scan, whenever he can, has indeed a valuable possession. Everyone knows that often, most often in fact, the anticipation of a pleasure is much nicer than the pleasure itself. When one is looking forward to an event, one lives through the happenings many times, and each time the dream event is perfect, for no conflicts can come, no embarrassing situations, no disappointments. The surroundings can be just as beautiful, just as exciting, just as romantic as one wishes because only she has the "say so" about it all. Then and then only are you completely "Master of Your Destiny."

A person can dream and plan a heart's desire until it really does come true. The men, who saw into the future and saw a bright shining life of success, of discovery, of their country's glory and kept looking at the great light until they had it in their grasp, are the ones who have brought the world to the advanced state that it is in today. Suppose Columbus had not had his "great expectations" and had not kept reaching after them until he found the New World. What would this great continent be today, if he had let the opposition and ridicule of his day dim his vision of a shorter route to India? What



would America be today if Washington had not seen beyond that cold hopeless winter at Valley Forge into the shining future of the land of the free? We would be in the misty darkness of the middle ages if Petrarch, Dante, Erasmus, and other great spirits of the Renaissance had not looked far ahead into a brighter, more awakened future for Europe.

But dreams, "great expectations," are not all that is necessary for the accomplishment of even the smallest things that most of us can do, which, in the Great Plan of God, are just as important as the large things because if one link is missing the whole chain is weakened. You know in his poem "If" Kipling said: "If you can think and not make thoughts you aim,

If you can dream and not make dreams you master."

This is what one must remember, for it is very pleasant to lie on the cool grass under the shade of a tree or sit by a great wood fire and dream and always see oneself as the king or queen or conqueror or the accomplisher of great things. We must be "up and doing" or the gift of the gods of "great expectations" will not be fulfilled in a happy life of success.

Great Expectations

By LILLIAN CANNADY, '30



HE sluggard leaned on his gatepost. His larder contained no bread for the morrow, and he possessed no clothing for the advancing winter. Yet he stood dream-

ing. He expected the future to take care of itself.

The "little old lady" dressed in her Sunday silk sat timidly on the edge of

(Continued on page 48)

"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving."—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

"C'Est Tout, Marie"

By DOROTHY McKAY, '28

"C' est tout, Marie," Mrs. Robert Alfric Rumford turned to watch the slim, brown haired girl, dressed in the dark uniform and lace cap and apron of a personal maid.

"A new maid, Claire?" her distinguished visitor, a tall handsome woman with waved blonde hair and a highly rouged face, questioned drawlingly.

"Yes Margaret, and such a lovely girl. She doesn't speak a word of English. I have always wanted a French maid, since I have travelled abroad when Bob was just out of high school. Let me see—four—no—"

"Five years, wasn't it, Claire?" the visitor suggested languidly.

"Yes, Margaret, five years ago. She is such a charming girl. And such good recommendations. One from Count la Salle and from—"

"Count la Salle! Why he has been dead two years, Claire!"

"Oh well from some one in Paris. I am sure she is a nice girl, and so continental, my dear. To have her with me brings back all my wonderful times on the continent. Her accent is so Parisien and her—"

"I really must be going, Claire. Enjoyed having tea. So dear of you to have me." Margaret rose slowly to her feet.

"Not at all, my dear Margaret. Come often. I am expecting Bob home soon. We shall see—"

"Shall call you, dear." The younger woman stooped and kissed the short,



pompous hostess slightly on the cheek, then she walked slowly from the room.

Claire Rumford stood a moment gazing after her visitor, then she turned thoughtfully to her desk. Her matronly figure, held firmly erect, was clad in a black satin afternoon gown in which was stitched a small label just inside of the collar that stated "Made in Paris."

Twilight shadows crept silently from behind the French draperies and Claire sat in semi-darkness, writing rapidly, her mind entirely upon the son to whom her words were addressed.

The hall door opened noiselessly and Marie slid into the room. One by one she lighted the faint wall bulbs and moved about straightening the table and filling the tea tray with the forgotten plates and cups.

"Marie !" Claire turned from her letter.

"Oui, madame." Marie stood attentively waiting. Her cap—or the dainty frill of lace which she wore for a cap—was tied a bit to one side giving her a decided coquettish look.

"Apportez-moi pour mon repas—" Claire paused frantically searched her mind to recall the menu of the last dinner she had in Paris. "De pattie foie de—let me see was it wheat? no—foi de—gras—that's it. And creamed pomme de terre and a morsel de pullet and a salad de laitue. And—" she could think of no other foods. "I shall have to study my French," said she to herself.

"Oui, madame." Marie placed the last saucer upon the tray and pushed the laden tea cart toward the door, moving her lips silently as she said over to herself the orders she had just received.

"Marie!" Claire turned sharply as the maid opened the door. "Donnez this letter to Henri."

"Oui, madame," Marie took the proffered letter and, placing it in her pocket, left the room.

As soon as the door had closed behind her, Marie pushed the cart against the wall and, taking a small red book from her pocket, began eagerly looking through it.

"Now what was the first thing she wanted?" she half whispered. "Something about patties. Sounded like grass, too. What funny things, she eats. Of course 'pomme de terre' is potatoe and 'poulet' is chicken. I guess the cook knows what kind of salad 'laitue' is. I'm sure I don't."

She searched the pages of the small book until at last she found the word she wanted.

"Lettuce of course!" she exclaimed. "I thought I remembered my French, guess I should have taken it a year longer instead of taking Greek. But one thing she doesn't know much more French than I do. I think I pass fairly well for a French maid. My Parisien accent—Wouldn't Bob have a fit if he knew I was maid to his—"

"Marie!" Mrs. Rumford's voice burst through the swinging door upon Marie's unexpectant ear drums.

"Oui, madame," the girl hurriedly grasped the cart and pushed it through the pantry into the kitchen.

"Madame Lizzie," she addressed the beaming cook. "Perparez pour madame's dinner de pate foie gras, creme potatoes, poulet and salad de lettuce."

"Lawzie. This here house am gone jes' plum crazy sin's Mis' Claire got de continentals." Lizzie remarked as she ambled toward the big wood stove. "Taters, chicken, and salad—what for

she want some of dat grass breakfas' food for."

"Marie," Claire spoke slowly and distinctly, not for Marie's benefit so much as for her own—she just could not remember French words. "I shall have to think in French terms" she often told herself.

"Oui, madame." Marie stood by Claire's bed listening attentively so that she might remember the words her mistress spoke. She patted her side pocket where the small dictionary always rested. It was not there. She felt the other pocket—not there either. She became frantic.

"Pardon, madame," she gasped, backing away from the bed.

"Are you ill, Marie—no—*feelez vous de pain*—no that means bread or milk or something—*malade*—Marie;" Claire half raised herself out of bed.

"Non, madame. Pardon. Ma *mouchoir*!" Marie turned and fled from the room.

Down the hall she ran, up the stairs to the third story—past the cleaning maid—past the laundry girl—on into her own room. She dashed straight to her bed and slid her hand under her pillow. A smile of relief crossed her face. It was there!

Plugging it into her pocket and tucking her apron securely over it, the girl fled again down the stairs and arrived completely out of breath at Mrs. Rumford's door.

"Oui, madame!" she breathlessly gasped as she stepped into the bed room.

Claire, having concluded that because of her French nature Marie was temperamental, had sighingly laid back among her pillows. When Marie entered she was talking on the telephone.

"Yes, my dear, he is coming. I hope he has had no cases with impossible young girls. Well—no—yes. Good-bye dear."

As Marie closed the door Claire was saying over to herself. "What is 'my son' in French. 'Homme' means man—she would think I meant my husband.

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"The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."—CHALMERS

Finding My Niche at Wesleyan

By FAIRFID MONSALVATGE, 27



AR be it from me, a senior, yes, but a far from confident one, to presume upon the superiority of the real niche makers in this estimable knowledge shop, and assume that I have made a niche, a place of refuge where I may rest my knowledge-saturated bones on the eve of my graduation, and feel content.

I feel as though I should expound forth in the style of the reverend Sir Francis Bacon, and call this attempt at an informal essay, "Upon Finding My Niche in College." I am awed that ye editor of this truly literary magazine should ask me to rave forth many and mighty syllables to the effect as to how that feat was done. So be it, Madam Editor, I call down the protection of the gods upon you. You brought this upon yourself.

I arrived at this fount of knowledge when I was the lowliest freshman who ever bought a postoffice box. I had heard of making a place for one's self, and of finding one's niche, but it seemed too far away to dream about. Wesleyan to my mind was a great goddess of learning, breathing forth from every pore essence of life-giving knowledge. I came that I might partake of that knowledge, and become a part of the spirit itself. How I could bring this about was the question.

To my mind there were niches and niches in this great big world. One found them in the hillsides from whence comes streams of precious metal, one found them in stony crusts of bleak old mountains, where giant birds lay their eggs, protected from the rain and the cold. Alas, I had no shovel with which to pierce the outer garment of this darling old mother of colleges, I had no



powerful telescope to detect the aperture on the side of the mountain. It remained for me to wait until my consistent efforts should break a little bit into her outer reserve, when I could call myself her daughter and nestle in the curve of her generous arm, stretching out over the nation offering a challenge to young women.

Those first months of my college career are almost a blank in my memory. I was busy meeting all sorts and types of girls, and I was learning how to live with roommates to the comfort of all concerned. In other words I was getting my corners rubbed off smooth and round. I was meeting the professors and teachers and girls that are now numbered among my closest and most beloved friends. It was that year that gave me my love for English and creative writing of any kind. My freshman themes were the joy of my life, and I did cherish the desire that some day I might write something for the college publications.

I didn't find my niche by earnest efforts as I had hoped to do. I stumbled upon it when I saw a story of mine printed. The lure of the pen was upon me. Printer's ink held for me many,

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The Gentle Art of Horse-Trading

By CARROLL BOYD, '28



ES, the look was in his eye; genius was working. All who do not believe that there is art in the profession of horse-trading as well as that of picture painting or story writing need not linger here, this will not interest you. But for a fact, Marvin Meadors was truly inspired on this particular July morning. He sat in the sunshine before his barn, rearing back against its rough wall in his split bottomed chair, enjoying the universe without finding a single fault with it. It may be that the continual struggle of wrenching a livelihood from the relentless soil does not often leave the victim possessor of such optimistic propensities, but this farmer was different; he had the soul of a genius. And besides, his sole reason for farming was his wife's inward qualms as to the respectability of horse-trading as a profession. He won his bread that way none the less.

He smoked in contented silence, with his hands behind his head, knees crossed and his upper foot patting in the warmth of the summer air. From his seat he could command a full view of the highway as far as the sumac clump on one hand and down to the bridge in the valley on the other. No passerby could miss his watchful glance for a quarter of a mile in each direction.

Just across the way stood his rambling old colonial farm dwelling; just the kind that could tell such marvelous tales of the old South if it would only speak.

From beyond the clump of sumac at the hill crest the scream of ungreased buggy wheels was wafted on the summer breeze. The evidently familiar sound made the ruddy features break into a broader grin and the blue eyes twinkle brighter than ever. Gently taking the old briar pipe from his mouth, he addressed himself to the sleepy cow who poked her slick nose out of the window just above the little man's head.

"He's the very one we're looking for!"

His eyes involuntarily sought out a little brown horse, faded and lifeless, which was leaning in the fence corner a little apart from the other farm animals in the lot. "We're goin' to git rid of that little old sorry, swayback, windbroke, stiff jointed weak kneed plough horse this very morning." He began to whistle a little tune, then decided to resume his smoking in leisurely puffs, meanwhile having wiped all show of interest from his Celtic countenance.

He deliberately scrutinized the landscape in the opposite direction. The fragrant wind skipped over waving green fields while partridge calls echoed soared overhead and the shadow of a passing hawk caused many a distressed turkey and hen to fly with much squawking and flapping to the sheltering arms or the old bokwood bushes along the through the wheat. An occasional lark front walk of the house. The flurry evidently brought the musing farmer up with a start.

Jerking around, he beheld a shakly buggy shrieking from many summers without grease and tarnished from numerous winters without shelter. The trap drew up to the ivy covered well stoop and stopped with one long last sigh of weariness.

Farmer Hays, a loose jointed, raw boned, angular man, dull of eye and hunched of shoulder, scrambled stiffly over the wheel and alighted with a jolt. A yellow cat purred itself into the doorway from the shadowy recesses of the barn and solemnly watched the newcomer shamble across the road with awkward gait and dangling arms.

"Mornin,' brother," he managed by way of preliminary ceremony, "Heard down at the Comp'ny store this mornin' that you had a plough hoss to trade maybe," he commented as he glanced significantly toward the nearby horses.

"Well, I ain't got any cheap horses," replied Mr. Meadors, mapping out his campaign as he went. "And I ain't got no horses to trade at all. Need em in the field till cotton's laid by. Anyway," he added, "when I get used to a bunch o' horses and keep 'em a while I kind o' hate to see 'em go. Now take that little sorrel pony over there in the corner," meaning the same creature which he had so lately referred to as "that sorry plough horse." "I been working her right smart here of late in the garden and down in the watermelon patch and she's pretty tired now, but man, she's some little worker! And she don't hardly eat nothing much at all." He was not unmindful of his visitor's widely known stinginess. He had been accused in the neighborhood of stealing his cow feed to give his mule.

"Well, that's just the kind of nag I been wantin'!" Brightened the weather-beaten farmer. He spat energetically in the dust and waited.

The little farmer towseled his thick stubble of reddish hair and chuckled with delight. He gave the cow a wink which said; "He's bit, hook, bait and sinker."

"Well," he rejoined with some finality, "my little mare ain't in the market. She ain't looking so good, like I said, but she will be agin in the fall. She's one of them kind that a little rest and attention 'll work wonders on. I'm going to keep her till planting time and then she'll be with good money; she's a dandy little plough horse and fattens as easy as nothing."

"My nag over there now," drawled the gaunt Mr. Hayes, "she's a dern good horse for the shape she's in, but she's so big she eats too dern much. Can't 'ford ter keep her. What'll yer trade with me fur?"

Now Marvin Meadors the horse-trading artist, had not even himself dreamed of realizing any cash from the deal, but one of his main tenets was never to betray surprise at anything which transpired. He looked admiringly at his own

horse, having risen and led her over to the fence and having sent a rather disparaging glance at the larger animal as its owner unharnessed it and hopefully brought it over in front of the barn yard. Slowly, slyly, reluctantly, craftly, Marvin allowed himself to be persuaded into parting with his priceless little brown mare.

"Well, let me drive her down the road a piece," suggested the prospective purchaser mildly.

"Naw sir! You can take her or leave her, just like she stands and for thirty dollars to boot!" stated the horse-trader, slapping his animal's neck to add emphasis to his statement. He knew that it would never do at all to let the other man drive her before the trade was cinched. "I told you I don't much want to trade her no way."

In the days of good King Arthur victorious knights might have walked more proudly leading noble, if somewhat spent steeds, from bloody lists than this farmer pulled his newly made acquisition across the road, but it is very doubtful. Inwardly gloating he hastened to hitch the sorrel mare to his buggy and be off down the road, to try her out lest her former owner change his mind about the trade. But not so with the seasoned horseman. He casually and carelessly turned the big rusty horse in with the other farm animals and ambled toward the house to dinner.

The execution of the midday meal took but a few moments, however, when there was a new horse on the farm to be tried out. He too was soon out and down the road in the opposite direction. Becoming aware of a certain noise for which he could not exactly account, he looked behind in search of a motor, but none was in sight. He stopped still by the road side, but still the sound persisted. He slowly descended from his nag, and still more slowly he walked around to the head of the beast. Any horseman recognizes immediately, when his horse

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"The world never looks for more than an instant at self-consciousness but it dearly loves self-forgetfulness for that implies a compliment to itself."

—WALPOLE

Sister

By A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '28



I WALKED boldly into the presence of my awe-inspiring Aunt, whose very name struck terror into my childish heart. I had never seen her, though traditionally she was a part of the background of my early years. Fortunately for my peace of mind the name she had been given at her christening,—the one which caused me such dreadful qualms,—was discarded at the birth of my older sister.

"Indeed, I shall not be called Aunt Mira. It makes one seem quite old to be called 'Aunt'. I shall have the child call me Sister; it sounds much nicer," she had said when Dorothy was born.

Sister she was, and Sister she remained so long as we did not know her personally, but as each of us reached the age when duty demanded that we visit her in the sacred precincts of her city apartment, we automatically dropped the familiar appellation, and began calling her Aunt. The annual Christmas "Thank-You Letter," which required most extreme politeness from the defenseless children, was the only thing which kept alive the traditional 'Sister.'

My Mother, whose only objection to my Father was his sister, had conscientiously tried to instill into our young hearts love and respect for our maiden aunt. She made a sad failure of the love, but she more than made up for it by the success with which she wrote R-E-S-P-E-C-T, in large capitals, all over us, mind as well as heart.

Conscientiously, too, she had tried to teach us the things we should know about our dear Aunt. The impressions I received were strange and varied, and far, far indeed, from those my mother wished to create. My mental picture of her was

mostly of brown and sparkling jet. In appearance she was a sort of cross between the Duchess in Alice in Wonderland, and the pictures of the English queen in our Sunday papers. The only place I could be quite sure of finding rest from her image was in Sunday School; for there I was reasonably certain she would never be,—piety having been omitted from her attributes. In the schoolroom, however, especially when I missed my lessons, her image would rise in all its terrible dignity and shake a threatening finger at its unworthy niece.

From her own mother's attitudes toward her, I had my fears augmented. Whenever her name was mentioned my grandmother would draw her small frame to its fullest height and beam in conscious pride. Her attitude reminded me strangely of a tale in my nursery books: What the Goodman Does is Sure to Be Right!

When I was ushered into her presence for the first time, I felt that the evil day had come through which my brother and sister had suffered so miserably, but there was nothing in the world that could have forced me to admit my fears.

I saw first a broad expanse of black satin skirts billowing and sweeping in deep waves and long lines. Up, up, up, riding serenely on the black waves were two long white hands clasped sternly, illuminated by a diamond, which, to my childish eyes, seemed large enough to be the original one found by Alladin in the magic cave. Still farther up, for indeed she was majestically tall, two small piercing eyes shot electric charges into my heart and paralyzed it. Above the eyes were three deep furrows, poorly

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*"Ladies like variegated tulips show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms they owe."*—POPE

Youth

By BROOKE MAURY

From the October Issue of THE CENTURY
*"There comes a time, when one is very young,
When multitudes of changing dreams arise
And strive in shifting clamor to give tongue
To voiceless wonders seen in earth and skies—
To beauties of the morning and the night.
The purple grandeur of the heaving sea,
The rugged mountains in their cloudcapped might,
The swooping of the eagle, fierce and free.
A senseless pleasure holds the swaying mind
A moody grief sweeps back upon the soul—
As bend young trees beneath the stormy wind
So bow the thoughts of every man in youth
Till knowledge comes to steady him in truth."*



*"Thus times do shift; each thing his time does hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old."*—HERRICK

Fair and Wiser

By CLARK RAMSEY, '29



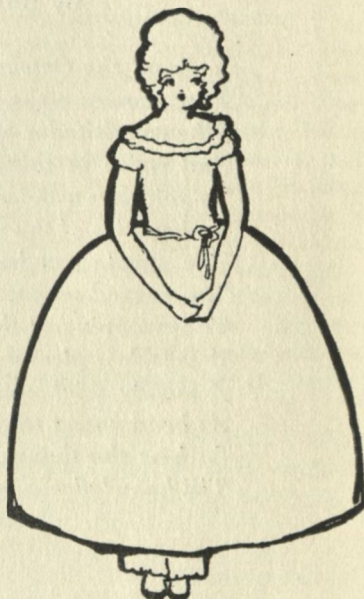
LL Wesleyan freshmen sit in straight chairs—there are not any rocking chairs, some sit in stiff, hardbacked chairs by the library shelves and bone and bone. They are the bookworms. Some sit in rough, hardbacked chairs in front of dressing tables and primp and primp. They are the manhunters. They charm men with a smile, stab them with a glance, and finally murder them with words. But, whether they are bookcrazy or boycrazy, nine months at Wesleyan improves the freshmen. Then a finished product, they become sophomores.

Some new girls are slim, slinky, and blase'; some are fragile, petite, and cute. Then, some are lean, lanky, and dumb; others wear glasses. Some have teeth that gleam; others wear braces. Of course they are all sisters-under the skin, but what different skins! It is but natural that, with such opposite appearances and personalities, freshmen should have such different interests as boning and flirting.

Freshmen who consist of only "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair" need a little muscle to cover their bones, and a few brains in their heads. Gym, athletics, and a few hours study each day will change them at least into intelligent dolls.

It is easier to change a frivolous girl into a well developed woman than to develop a bookworm into a girl with an attractive personality, but both can be done. A sleek bob, or a frivolous bob, or maybe a sophisticated nairdressing will help much. A touch of rouge, a dab of powder, a squirt of perfume is like magic. So the bookworm becomes a transformed Cinderella—and what is more remarkable, a Cinderella with brains.

Once upon a time beauty and brains



went together. In certain old chronicles recently discovered in the east, there is the story of the development of the studious girl and the frivolous girl. In this old chronicle there is a girls' school in the Eutopia in the heart of El Dorado. Now in this school all the maidens were slim and very fair, young, and most exceedingly bright. The teachers of these girls, of whom there were fifty, were all old men, wise in years. But when there came a rumor from the far East of a young student so exceedingly wise that his knowledge surpassed that of any man alive, with gold and sly words the head of the school hired him for El Dorado. This young man, the ancient chroniclers tell us, was also surpassing fair. He was tall and comely, and exceedingly good to look upon. His handsome dark head towered above the humpshoulders of the old teachers,

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Cabbage in a Treetop

By MARY EUNICE SAPP, '27



AND Florida is utterly lacking in resources!" Someone generally manages to insert in any conversation concerning the recent downfall of prosperity in the land of flowers and realtors.

Indeed, the consensus of opinion seems to be that were it not for the food that is shipped into the peninsula the inhabitants thereof would know the excruciating agony of death by starvation.

Now, it is true that although Florida is supposed to abound in bananas, one's bananas are very apt to come from Cuba and the cream for them is procured not from the immense cattle ranches which Floridians are wont to boast but from the selected imported herd of the city dairy man or else from the grocer at twelve and one-half cents per can. At the same time it is untrue to say that Florida is entirely without native resources for there are innumerable tropical foods whose popularity would exceed all bounds if only the people knew about them.

For instance there is the *Enterpe Oléraceo*, which translated into plain English means Palm Cabbage. This species of tropical palm is limited to no particular locality but grows more abundantly along the eastern coast. Erect, unbranched with tops resembling a huge fan these palms sometimes attain one hundred feet in height. They are used for various purposes but are most valued for the delicious food which is concealed in their terminal buds. This food palm cabbage resembles our ordinary, everyday variety of cabbage in many respects but is superior to it in that its flavor is more poignant and that it is devoid of odor.

But why has such a savory and nourishing food remained so long unknown? Perhaps because in the hurry and bustle of daily existence the people in South Florida have previously had no time to seek anything but the golden eagle. And indeed, the games of entrapping that

wary bird hitherto in South Florida has been extremely fascinating. So much so that it would have been absurd to have expected any gentleman of such wealth and prominence as Mr. John Miami Realtor to spend the a. m. seeking the family dinner when he might be capturing a million of the delightfully hued birds in that time.

However since the decline in real estate values has caused the birds to wing their way to worlds unknown and the Miami storm, that the palm cabbage is coming into its own Mr. John M. Realtor, now, not only has time to devote to the search of food but is compelled to use it for that purpose.

With his axe on his shoulder, daily besets out for food. He does not have to go far before the object of his search appears—a tall palm nodding lazily in the sunshine. Mr. Realtor knows just what to do for he has been doing it since his economic downfall. With a ruthlessness before undreamed of in such a suave gentleman he chops off the foot of the beautiful palm and severs the bud hidden in her graceful pronds.

When he reaches home after his daily labor is over Mrs. Realtor carefully prepares the tender layers of the bud for dinner just as she used to prepare cabbage in the days before their now departed glory.

How Mr. Realtor beams as his wife bears triumphantly from the stove the delicious dish of cabbage. How eagerly he accepts a second and even a third helping from Mrs. Realtor whose appetite nearly exceeds his own. And after dinner the following conversation takes place:

"What shall we have for dinner tomorrow, John?" begins Mrs. Realtor.

"Well, well, now let's see. What did we have yesterday, my dear? her devoted spouse asks.

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Florida

The State Made Famous by Its Boom and Recent Disaster

By CARROLL BOYD, '28

UNTIL the present, Florida resources have been almost totally undeveloped. The state was necessarily poverty stricken, because of its youth and extremely sparse population. Great areas of land submerged and unclaimed bred mosquitoes unmolested. With long barren miles between each shabby farm hut there could be little union of the people. Bad roads and few schools resulted.



breezes, and pure beauty.

Uncle Sam and science have come to our aid in Florida. Sprays and insect preventives have been discovered and perfected until they are in universal use today. The government began to talk and plan about draining the water from the submerged land. Today lie many square miles of dry land of the most fertile in Florida, where marsh and watery prairie were but a short time ago. It is the

Tourists who visited Florida spent only a few winter months there and remained entirely aloof from the natives on their secluded estates. The ignorant homesteaders and squatters did not know how to cope with the deadly fevers which stalked abroad in the summer. Excessive rains in the summer months and almost complete drought in the winter made good crops well nigh impossible, to say nothing of intensely uncertain. A long dry season is favorable to the citrus industry, but probably the dense fogs would breed fungus and other blights and insects upon the foliage so fast that the fruit would be eaten off while it was still in the bud. These conditions are the ones that the vast majority believe still to exist, at least partially in Florida. They explain our prosperity which seems to have come out with explosive violence, as a little speculating and very much propaganda which will fade out and be gone as suddenly as it came, leaving the same bare prairies and cyprus swamps. That is the Florida of the past, never to be seen again until Americans stop loving sunshine, sea

citrus fruit and vegetables from these reclaimed tracts which take the first places in the New York displays in Madison Square Garden each year. The feat of drainage was accomplished by the division of South Florida into what are called sections. Each section is bounded by a canal ditch and has smaller tributary ditches which drain the excess from the section and carry it to the gulf. In the dry season, which is winter, the truck farms are watered by the same small ditches. These are flowing wells dug at intervals over the farm, and at will the trucker may turn any amount of water on his growing plants. One does not have to wait on the weather, but makes the weather conform to what it should be, in Florida.

At present Florida's roads are far above the average. The sand and shell and coral formation which make for hard unmuddy roads, are all plentiful. Our schools are also extraordinarily good. Not only the standards for students high, but also those for the entrance of teachers as well. Numerous artists in many lines visit us during the winter, so we

do not lack for culture, as many think. Walter Hagen, Earl Cartwright, Fred Philips, McAdoo, Miss Marylin Miller, and Miss Helen Marsh are a few notables whom I have seen perform in the past winter or two. Henry Ford and Thomas Edison are among those who have homes among us in our small town on the southwest coast.

It is no wonder they all come. We have the desirability of many locations without their disadvantages. It is true, we don't have the beautiful snow, but also we do not have the disagreeable slush. Sometimes we have mosquitoes in the summer, but never malaria carrying ones, as is generally thought, and never does one see a fly! It is impossible to discribe the unspeakable beauty one sees on every hand in semi-tropical Florida. It is futile to attempt such a description. Only in the southern part is it really very warm all winter, but there always lingers that elusive something in the air that one describes as spring. The vegetation is always fresh and green, and with no coal smoke to blacken it. Artists come from every quarter of the globe to paint our landscapes. Many a Florida water scene has passed as a Mediterranean landscape in well known art galleries.

One rarely finds fresh fruit or vegetables in the dead of the winter. It is then our harvest season. Oranges and grapefruit by the carloads are dumped into the rivers for want of consumers. One sees at Christmas the black loamy acres laden with bright red tomatoes, shiny peppers, and egg plant, fat cucumbers, thousands of luscious water melons and juicy strawberries, and yellow pineapples, besides the myraid interesting things that one never sees in the northern markets. Spreading mango trees bear a juicy perishable fruit dear to the hearts of Floridians. The real joys of the Avacado pear are not known except where it ripens on the tree and is eaten fresh, as is also true of bananas. Sappadillas, narrisas, and candlenuts grow on every hand. The rose apple tree furnishes an odd dainty in the form of a small round fruit which

tastes very much as the rose smells, whence its name. There is a potato which bears the usual sweet potato at its root, but also a different kind of vegetable at its vine tips. The latter in reality is the seed of the vine, but is edible and resembles an Irish potato more closely. The papaya melon flourishes in southern Florida as in no other part of the United States. It is a native of the East Indies, growing on a tree which has no branches but only large tender leaves and oval melon fruit with crisp and only slightly sweet meat.

Wild turkey and deer are still plentiful in our woods and everglades, as well as a few of the wilder animals, such as panthers and wildcats. Among the best fishing grounds of the world are those of Florida's Thousand Islands. Sometimes I go there fishing, but I rarely fish. I am almost overcome with the beauty of the world there. There seems to be no discord anywhere. On every hand stretch broad white beaches disappearing into cool thickets of palms all interlaced with wild grape and moon vines, with here and there a burnished sea grape tree, and everywhere myriads of flowers amid the tall sword grass. I sit and watch for hours almost spell-bound. The strange mystery of the sea fascinate me with its friendly yet cold whisper, its monotony, always the same yet always changing. Little sea creatures bask in the sun at the water's edge. A gray old pelican floats lazily on the waves with a king fisher on his head. A gull flaps slowly across the deep blue horizon, in sharp contrast with the quick little brown fiddler crabs which dart energetically about by the thousands, always reminding me of Pharoah's army. Gently urged by the salt breeze, the ripples softly slap the sides of the boat. No other sound is heard except the occasional flap of a mullet as he jumps at a shiner. The very atmosphere seems pervaded with a certain peace and quiet which almost sings in its utter lack of discord. One thinks of the lines:

"God's in His heaven

And all's right with the world."

Crossroads

By DOROTHY McKAY, '28

*A lonely road—
The Road of Life—
Burning miles of endless sand,
Narrow ways, and rocky ways,
Plodding, muddy, weary days,
Dotted but by friendless faces—
Strange voices, ceaseless footsteps,
Racing toward a vision goal,
Thousands crowding, pushing, shouting,
Heeding not—
A lonely road.*

*But the crossroad,
Merry road,
Welcome messenger of goodwill,
Sunk in shady, breezy dales,
Blown by seasons' changing gales,
Free road, kind road,
Where once more cross the well-known tread,
Friendly voices, happy faces—
A laugh, a tear, a farewell—
Again the road—
Lonely Road of Life.*



Two Plus Two Equal—?

By DOROTHY BLACKMON, '28



H, YES, we're to have a dance to-night — the orchestra's coming out from town, and Don dear," Peg Adams paused as the young man to whom she was speaking dived off the float, but continued her speech when he appeared again about eight feet away: "I've saved you two no-breaks—of course I had to give Paul the first and last—but then your two will be the best, I know."

Donald Saunders started swimming lazily back to the float, put his hands on the edge and drew up on it. "Now, Anne," he said, "you know-er—now don't you think Paul—maybe, he won't like—Oh! shux, you know what I mean—Paul won't like it a bit—and then too, I've already got 'em with some one else. I'm mighty sorry and all like that, but you know—"

"I know nothing of the sort," she answered him quickly, tears in her very voice, "And I thought you liked me and would want them—if you don't, why have you been so nice lately? Last night didn't you take me in your canoe, just us, and you didn't have to—and yesterday morning didn't I get up at five o'clock just because you wanted me to go fishing with you where you and Paul and Cookie went the other morning? I've just been too good and sweet to you and now you're just break-h-ing m-my heart." She had turned from him and her shoulders were heaving.

Donald slid over closer and the girl's head at once nestled on his shoulder just as though it had a right to be there. Awkwardly he put an arm around her shoulders and patting them, considered



the situation. It was his own fault—no doubt about that. Just because Phyl hadn't been quite so responsive to his attentions lately as he thought she should be, he had deliberately set out to make her jealous. Two mornings before, when he and Paul, Peggy's acknowledged, though as yet unannounced finance, and Cookie, the camp cook, were fishing, he had confided his trou-

bles about Phyllis to Paul, and Paul, with all the assurance of a Marie Rose, had advised that he do something to make her jealous.

Now there were only four couples on this house-party, and, though Donald was very well indeed acquainted with the other boys, he feared complications might set in if he should seemingly attempt to alienate the affections of one of their girls. Besides, the girls were not from his town and might take his attentions seriously.

"Paul" he had said, and he remembered his words with inward squirming, "Paul, you just let me show little Miss Phyllis Lee that I mean business and you can be best man. Come on, Paul, and let me play like I'm loving Peg. Maybe, she'll do, though Phyl's not so apt to be jealous of her. As for her ever thinking my intentions serious or matrimonial—bull and piffle—Why we've lived next door so long and been such good friends and enemies, that every time I'd think of a new line, I used to jump the hedge separating our respective estates, shoot it to her, and she'd point out its weak spots, so I wouldn't mess things up when I tried it on my various and sundry lady loves—but since I met Phyl" his face had dropped, "Oh, Paul, you don't mind? Let's shake hands on it."

They had shaken hands on it, but the results of that talk had been to say the least, unexpected.

That night, still standing by his resolution in spite of the somewhat chilly glances sent his way by Paul and to the evident interest and surprise of the other members of the party, Don consistently broke on Peg. And though at the end of each dance with Peg, he expected to see a change in Phyllis' behavior, it never came. She was the gayest of the gay and Nero doing his musical skit act during the burning of Rome, could have been no more light hearted than this curly headed, black eyed young imp-ess who was torturing him.

Every time he saw her she was in the midst of that gay crowd that had come out from town to help furnish pep and stags. She even smiled at him, and nothing could have hurt him more. If she had only stamped and stormed, pulled his hair or even thrown things, he thought he could have stood that, but this thing of being as friendly as though he weren't openly and brazenly giving her best friend the rush that he always gave her—well, it just didn't go—that was all.

Once he stopped dead still—Why maybe, Phyl didn't really love him and it really didn't matter to her. The perspiration popped out on his forehead as he thought of it. Peggy's "Don, dear, what is it?" brought him back to the business at hand, that of getting rid of her so he could go out and try to get this straight.

A tall young man answered his mental prayer and not until afterwards did he notice that it was Jack McRay who had been taking possession of Phyllis' time and attention for the past few days. Inwardly he groaned.

Shakily lighting a cigaret, he strolled off the pavilion and out into the moonlit path. The moon was full, but the beauties of nature were not for him that night. If the moon and evening stars

had gone in for choir practice he would never have noticed it. Head down he slowly and, because of the near-music of the orchestra, almost noiselessly went down the path. Suddenly, just as his eyes, fastened on his own shoes, caught a glimpse of another pair facing them, the morning stars did put in an appearance and he crumbled up and fell.

He opened his eye, only one would open voluntarily, and saw Paul down at the water's edge wetting a handkerchief.

"Paul?" he quavered—and wondered who spoke.

"Gee, Don, I thought you'd passed out! I'm mighty sorry, but the truth is, I've an awful headache and I just wasn't looking." As he spoke, he was bathing the damaged eye.

Silence! Then, "Don, lets go up to the cottage. The girls won't miss us. Whatcha say?"

"No," Don answered sorrowfully, "They won't."

Together they started for the cottage.

The next morning at breakfast two empty chairs, one at the left of Phyllis, and one at the left of Peggy, broke the symmetry of the table.

Peggy looked at Phyllis and giggled. "Reckon they've gone fishing?" Phyllis started to make a reply, but the worried face of cookie as he came up, stopped her. His brown eyes rolled and his mouth was wide.

"Mistah Don dun got black eye."

"What!" cried Phyllis.

"An' Mistah Paul mos' daid;" he concluded, shaking his head.

Peg and Phyllis looked at each other in horror.

The chaperons both rushed into the boys' room. The door slammed and Peg and Phyl both jumped.

In a few moments Mrs. James reappeared, her face rather anxious. Phyllis and Peggy mutely begged for information.

"Don's eye is bruised" she explained, then paused. "About Paul, I'm worried. He's mighty sick if I'm any judge. His

(Continued on page 55)

A Trip to the Underworld

Sensations Felt in a West Virginia Mine.

By MARGARET CHAPMAN, '28

FROM the first day I reached the coal fields until my desire was granted I longed to get inside of a mine. Knowing less than nothing about mines and mining, I was often in a most embarrassing position because of my ignorance. One special thing that I spent a week trying to understand without asking foolish questions was the meaning of "tipple." My hostess would point miscellaneously in the direction of a mountain-side with buildings perched upon it and remark, "There is the tipple of Carswell number three." I thought at first that it must be the biggest building she was talking about, and it *did* look rather "tipply" perched up so precariously on the side of the mountain. But if that was why they called it a tipple, mighty few buildings in that country would escape being one. I puzzled over tipples at night after I was alone with my ignorance. Finally after a long and complicated process of elimination, and a few carefully selected questions, I discovered that the tipple is a sort of long shed affair that the coal shoots down in some strange way, for some apparently good reason, but exactly what and why and how I do not know.

I did not even have to invite myself to go into the mines, for my hostess was as anxious to go as I was—even though she had been four times in the past five years! The difficulty as ever lay with persuading the man of the family that it was necessary. He had a remarkable assortment of reasons why we should not go. There is a strange superstition among the miners that a woman entering the mine will bring disaster in three days. Nothing could persuade one of the foreigners to enter the mine if he had any idea that a woman had stepped inside its door, and

even the Americans would be skittish about it if it happened to be any other than the "boss's" wife. Having argued it all out with her husband several times before, it was easy for my hostess to tear down his first barricade. "We will go at night when the men aren't working," she said, and waived aside his first plea.

His next advance was to try to frighten us. "Slate has been falling worse than ever this month. It is a dangerous place to take women." But when a woman's mind is made up, a little thing like getting hit on the head by several tons of slate is not worth considering.

He put off the trip to the mines until after we were back from camp, and as soon as we arrived at Kimball again and were all set for a nice mining expedition, he planned a lovely trip and took us as far away from his three mines as he could reasonably do in one night.

My trip was over and I planned to leave West Virginia in the early morning and still I had not even seen the mouth to the mine. Fortune was with me however, for my host had an attack of Conscience, and the attack became so acute that he agreed reluctantly to take us in without fail the next night if I would stay over. (It took only a very few minutes to wire sister that I was "Unavoidably delayed".)

He planned to be very ungracious about it and entertained me with all the horrible tales of mine-traps, explosions, and what-not from the beginning of the history of West Virginia up to the present date. He had some very convincing points, for while we were at camp, we had sent home two little girls because their fathers were killed by slate-fall! I was feeling rather cool

about my heart and would have been willing to give up the trip, but I knew it would give him too much pleasure.

The first mine we entered was a shaft mine, and we were carried down to it by an elevator which dropped three hundred feet. That is, the elevator was supposed to drop, but my host was very careful to warn the man in the engine house to let it down gently with his fragile cargo. We enjoyed the drop vicariously at any rate, for going down he told us about the numerous times the man had lost control and let the elevator fall down the shaft—Oh, there's no use to tell about it. The papers are full of such things!

The shaft mine was interesting enough with its black walls and great iron braces supporting the roof, but the real adventure was in the drift mine we entered next. Instead of going straight down in an elevator, we entered the drift mine by a door in the side of the mountain. That is, they call it a door, but in reality it is only a hole in the side through which the little electric cars are carried. Standing at the entrance while we waited for one of the men to bring an "empty" for us to ride in, I learned the simple principle of miners' lamps and the test lamp which they used in gaseous mines—of which this was one! (Or at least they tried to tell me so.) The tiny flame inside the lamp is instantly affected by poisonous gases and flares high—or in the absence of oxygen goes out entirely. I was terribly disappointed when I was given a flashlight to use in the mines. I had anticipated for days the pleasure of wearing a miners' lamp on my head. To make up for my disappointment one of the men borrowed a lamp from a miner and handed it to me, and when I felt the weight of the battery, the flashlight was good enough for me.

Two men were on the power car which bore the trolley and carried our car into the mines. Not once did they warn us when we approached a place where the roof was low enough to take off one's head without the innocent passenger

knowing what had happened. It kept us busy for the first few minutes dodging roof and walls, for the tunnel is cut just large enough in places for the height of the electric engine. Nor did our guides consent to stop during our hasty trip to let us view the scenery, for to their minds coal was coal, and slate was slate, and that was all! The bright seams of coal glistened by the light of our flashlights, and sparkled like great lines of jet. On the supporting beams were patches of fungus like sea foam, clear and ghostly white against the slate and coal. I begged my host to have the men stop the car and let me touch the foamy fungus, but he scorned the idea. "It doesn't feel like anything when you get it," he said, "It just drops away into a slimy nothing."

It was cold in the mines, and the speed of the cars made us colder still. My teeth chattered half with excitement and half with cold, and my hands clutched the sides of the car with a tenseness I did not realize. For two miles we went back into the mountain, until we reached a place where we were nearly a mile underground. Just at that moment I remembered the tales of slate fall with which I had been entertained for so many days, and, being statistically-minded, I began to wonder just how flat I would be if the mountain suddenly decided to settle down.

For a few minutes, or at least seconds, my host decided that he owed me a little more thrill for making me tell sister that I was unavoidably delayed, and he presented it to me by ordering full speed with the engine. I did not know whether to hold on to my head to keep it from blowing off, or hold on to the car to keep all of me from being carried away by the wind as we whizzed through the narrow tunnel. It was a short bit of racing, but enough. The record speed of the cars in that mine is three miles in four minutes!

When the air began to grow warmer, we knew we were reaching the entrance
(Continued on page 44)

Youth's Own Life

By DOROTHY McKAY, '28

*My feet drag on the common road—
While on the mountain heights
My heart is leaping—peak to peak—
Alive, aflame—enticing game.
Footholds such as heart grasps seek—
Fine poised a moment on each point,
Then skipping lightly—wings out flung
Cross cloud tipped skies of breathing space.
In love, aglow—with miles below,
Forgotten all—but pine kissed face
Of mountain sides—unruled, untraced
Gaze up—my heart—flit on your mount
See only skies—with sunset bloom
In whose own endless womb is formed
The drastic, fatal dreams short lived
Yet loved while living—youth's own life—
Look not down—oh heart—gaze only up
See not my burdened feet held down below
By convention's faithless mask
Of rainbow hideousness—
Be free while desires are free.
With age you'll drop to dragging feet.*



Our Own Bookshelf

By ELIZABETH COATES



AMONG the new books of contemporary fiction which have been added to the library are

The Show Boat, by Edna Ferber, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, by John Erskine, *The Professor's House* by Willa Cather, and several equally interesting volumes.

Edna Ferber, as the author of *So Big*, has established herself before the public as an outstanding writer. Her last novel is vividly portrayed, picturing life on a Mississippi show boat with details that compare in interest and picturesqueness with Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*.

The two things which remain in the mind after the book is finished are Magnolia Ravenal and the Mississippi river. The one makes the other; they are inextricably interwoven.

Despite the fact that her books are among the best sellers, there is an outstanding quality in them that detracts. "*So Big*" was the idol of his mother's heart and was the object of incessant work and sacrifice, but he did not prove worthy of it. After all the effort of his mother to give him the very best, he accomplished nothing. It is a novel of a strong woman and a weak man. Again we find the same thing in the "*Show Boat*." Partheania is the ruler of her household, tyrannizing over her husband and her child. Magnolia was not the sultan of her home, but ultimately she was the bread winner for herself and child after her gambler husband had taken to drink and finally deserted her. Throughout the whole book the idea of the strength of the feminine members of the populace and the almost worthlessness of the masculine of the race is so strongly portrayed as to produce a warped view of life. Possibly this one case of the "*Show Boat*" was not written to present a picture of life beyond the scope of the river, but taking the two



mentioned books of Miss Ferber we find that characteristic.

In *The Professor's House*, Tom Outland, a genius who was killed in the war and did not live to reap the rewards of his work, is the center of the story. Miss Cather has cleverly arranged the story so that Tom does not come directly into the book until half way to the end, then he is brought in by the conversation of the characters so that, when his life story is revealed, he is already a vivid character in the mind of the reader. That money does not insure serenity or happiness is clearly shown by the petty family quarrels, jealousies, and household unhappiness which come into the life of the Professor because of the money received from Tom's estate by Rosette, the elder of the professor's two daughters.

One does not frequently find a more lovable man than the Professor. Patient, kindly, understanding, intellectual, he is
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The Count De Farabeau of Paris

By SARAH ADDITON, '27



ES, I met the countess in Washington. She is a warm personal friend of mine. I remember the time distinctly. It was the year the prince of Wales was there. Don't you think him handsome? Mrs. Sherwood-Anderson was with me. You know her, of course, the coal magnate's wife. Don't tell me you have never met her?" and Mrs. Archibald Smythe looked disdainfully at the little wife of lawyer Aderdeen, and then drifted across the room until she stopped quite by chance near her guest of honor, the famous count de Farabeau of Paris. Mrs. Aberdeen felt her face flush and wondered why Mrs. Smythe always made her feel like crying.

"What has that horrid Mrs. Smythe been saying to you now, Betty?" asked the girl who had come up just as their hostess had turned away. "I know she has been bragging about the time she saw the great lord So-and-so or the time she almost met her royal highness what's her name? Or did she decide you had not had her rare privilege of seeing some prince at a distance?"

Betty Aberdeen smiled, but deep in her heart she wished that she, too, had known great people, and her eyes followed her hostess who was still chattering gayly with the count. Although she was all smiles, Mrs. Smythe was a little uneasy. She had tried every means to interest the count and he had remained visibly bored; not that she usually noticed whether people she talked to were bored or not, but it is to be remembered that he was a count. He had not even been interested in the



great people she had known, and he rarely ever mentioned those he knew except at times when he told something the duchess of Bartenbroke had said. As she stood talking to him, and as usual she did all of the talking, she became conscious of his gaze resting on her rings which were too numerous for good taste. The gleam of pleasure in his usually placid eyes showed he was interested in beautiful jewels. How glad she was to find a topic of conversation that would please her great guest. She began immediately to tell of the beautiful

jewelry of famous personages she had known.

Mrs. Archibald Smythe would have been pretty had she possessed that rare talent of knowing how to dress to show her individuality and good points rather than wear every new style just because it was "the latest thing from Paris." She even wore her hair in the same manner as that of "her warm personal friend," the duchess of Bartenbroke. She was stiff and cold to most of her set and over-cordial to those she considered above her, socially. However, her pleasing conversation with the count made her forget herself enough to smile at Betty Aberdeen as she told her goodbye.

Betty noticed the change in Mrs. Smythe and was so overjoyed that she made another effort to get her husband to go to the reception given in the count's honor that night. She succeeded much better than she had hoped; for although he grumbled about not wanting to be bored to death by that fourflushing

Mrs. Smythe, at last he consented to go, merely for his wife's pleasure.

Betty talked continually about the count, "The girls all think him wonderful. I know he is used to being made much of, because he bears himself with such dignity and formality and always seems so unconscious of attention. The girls are all certain he is engaged to some girl in Paris and is remaining true; for though he is very polite, he is exactly the same to every one of them. Of course that makes him much more interesting to them. Just think of knowing a real count, and the famous count de Farabeau at that!"

"What did you say his name was?" asked her husband who had not been paying any attention to what she was saying. "Farabeau certainly sounds familiar, but for the life of me I can not place it."

"Oh, I guess you have read about him in the papers lots of times. You are always burried in one, I don't believe you have heard a word I have said!"

At the reception that night Betty and her husband were ignored completely by Mrs. Smythe. Aberdeen was amused until he saw how deeply his little wife was hurt. He tried to persuade her to leave, but she could not be drawn from the place, at least not until he had met the count.

There was a flutter among the guest as the door opened and all turned to see the count. He was tall, straight, and expressionless, a perfect picture of royalty. Aberdeen knew the moment he saw him that he had seen him before, but he could not remember where. As the count's eyes traveled slowly and uninterestedly about the room, they met those of Aberdeen for an instant. A scarcely perceptible flutter of the eyelids and a slight frown were the only signs of recognition before he turned away, but Aberdeen, the trained lawyer, knew that he was known to the count and that that dignitary was not pleased to see him there. He searched his brain but still he could not place the man.

Betty was clutching at Aberdeen's elbow, "Let's go over so you may meet the count," she whispered. Mrs. Smythe saw them coming and skillfully guided her guest of honor in the opposite direction. She was at the height of her glory. She had often told of the great people she had known personally, but some how no one had believed her. Then, the count had come as a life saver. She had not thought it necessary to tell her friends that she had never heard of the count until he wrote her a few weeks before that he had heard her name mentioned at the duchess of Bartenbroke's, and, as he was coming to her city, he would like to be among friends. That was all she needed to ask him to her home. A count and a friend of the duchess of Bartenbroke would be welcome anywhere. She did not feel that it was necessary to explain that she had merely met the duchess one time when people who did know her and the duchess had probably mentioned her to the society leader. She was not going to have everything ruined by a bunch of nobodys like the Aberdeens. They would not have been invited had they not been accepted by the elite whom she dared not offend.

Sometime later Aberdeen was near the group in which the count was talking, and although he had not yet met him, he could not help hearing what was said. The count mentioned the duchess of Bartenbroke and suddenly the listening lawyer remembered. He hurried over to Mrs. Smythe and told her it was important that he have a word with her in private. She looked at him coldly a moment and turned to the man at her side.

"Major Reynolds, we will continue our conversation in the privacy of the sun parlor. I am engaged at the present, Mr. Aberdeen."

"But, Mrs. Smythe, it is for your own good—if you would only give me a moment—"

"If it is a matter of business I shall
(Continued on page 51)

EDITORIAL

Culture by the Program




LASS work and campus activities are not the only means of acquiring an education at Wesleyan or the kind of education gained at Wesleyan would not be as well balanced and cultural as it is. The most attractive and most popular way of absorbing culture is the artist series arranged each year by Prof. Joseph Maerz, director of the Conservatory of Music and School of Fine Arts. The selection of the artists to appear on the programs is made with so much care that some of the world's greatest artists of piano, voice, violin and, lecture come to Wesleyan.

The first number this year will be a voice recital by Sophie Braslau, November 6. Authorities have called her the world's premier contralto. The program for the year will consist of seven numbers, three lectures and four concerts. The first lecture will be made by Josephus Daniels, former secretary of the navy, on November 22. On January 12, Carl Friedberg, who is considered a pre-eminent exponent of the romantic school of piano-forte, will appear in a piano recital. The Russian Symphonic Choir, made up of twenty-two mixed voices from the Ukraianian Province directed by Klibachich, Russia's greatest master of chorus, will come January 12. February 12, Viljhalmur Stefansson, a noted arctic explorer, will tell of life in the arctic. Toschasdidal, one of Leopold Auer's greatest pupils, will appear March 10, in a violin recital. The last number of the series is a travelogue lecture by Burton Holmes with moving pictures in colors and a force of men to make the sounds to accompany his words and pictures.

There are the musical concerts that will send the music lovers, both musicians and no-musicians into rhapsodies of delight for days and days after they have heard them. Then, there are the lectures that will send the hearers wandering over a far away land seeing its wonders and marvelling at its customs. The artist series is comprehensive enough to interest every student. If she is neither musical or adventuresome, these programs may give to her an awakening love of music or of knowledge or of both of them. There is enough of the supreme in both the lectures and the concerts to attract even the best of critics, but there is also enough of human interest and beauty and wonder in the programs to appeal to even the least cultured.

Wesleyan students, here is an opportunity of a life time. By missing even one of the series, you will be throwing away an opportunity that can be yours only while you are in a college that arranges such a privilege for you. With these as a background, when you have to choose your own cultural entertainment, you cannot err.

The Glory That Is Wesleyan

IGHTY-THREE years ago a hundred young ladies laid aside their embroidery and knitting to enter into a new experience. They became the first freshmen at the first college chartered for the education of women just as their brothers became freshmen at the universities.

To these pioneers in the field of learning, the freshmen of the present day owe a debt of gratitude that can be paid only by striving to ever to conform to the high ideals and inspiring traditions which have always distinguished Wesleyan as a leader. Were it not for the serious intent and perserverance of the officials and students of the Wesleyan of yesterday, the Wesleyan girls of today would have to acknowledge still the intellectual superiority of their university brothers.

To the many girls who have followed in the footsteps of the first freshmen—to the Alumnae, the class of '29 owes much. These women have preserved the traditions, which every member of the class will learn to cherish; the standards, which all will uphold; the exalted ideals, which will become hers; and the vision, which will become a reality in her college days when all the glory that was Wesleyan of the past and today is become the glory that is Greater Wesleyan, the Wesleyan of a near tomorrow.

It is the privilege of this year's freshman class to drink into its soul the spirit of old Wesleyan from the atmosphere of this college building of so many years of age. Take from the historic passages and corridors that speak eloquently of the lavender and old lace period at Wesleyan the essence of the dignity of tradition and breathe it into the buildings of Greater Wesleyan. Listen to the toll of the bell that summons you to class and keep it ringing its message of beautiful culture of old in the Wesleyan of Rivoli. There is something somewhere amid the halls of old Wesleyan, there is something in its columned chapel where its many classes have gathered year after year, there is something on the campus of the historic college that is its heart, the power that binds over three thousand graduates together and enshrines in each heart a love and reverence that cannot die.

O, you who go to the Greater Wesleyan that is to be, you must carry the beautiful soul of many years, of many years of growth through many periods of stress. The spirit of wonderful tradition, you must save up in your heart for the new Wesleyan, or it will not be Wesleyan to those who have gone before you.

"O, Wesleyan, thy name is the fragrance of bygone years" as well as the progress of present days, or thou are not Wesleyan!

The Process of Orienting

By EVELYN AVEN



NUMBER of students, despite fine records in high school, come to college with only vague ideas of "what it is all about." They find that the gulf between the state of being a high school senior and a college freshman is seemingly too wide to be spanned by any amount of sophistication.

In order to increase the ease and lessen the mental hardships of becoming "acclimated" to the college atmosphere, the colleges and universities of the highest rating now offer courses in orientation.

The dictionary definition of orientation is "the process of orienting." In turn, "to orient" means to "place an object in some definite position with respect to other objects, or so as to show the relation of the parts among themselves."

The lectures to new students are a more rapid means of adjustment to the principles of college life. Through being brought into close contact with the problems that will probably arise during the course of study, the students are warned in advance and are ready to guard against possible errors.

No doubt, the members of the freshman class already know more about the underlying principles of college life than the members of the present senior class knew by the Christmas holidays of their first year.

Orientation, however, can mean very little to any student unless she co-operates with the faculty in putting into practice the rules brought out during the lectures.

By the completion of the lecture series, any member of the freshman class should know the exact relation of the college principles, and should have settled her own personal relationship to the whole.

What Is Yours



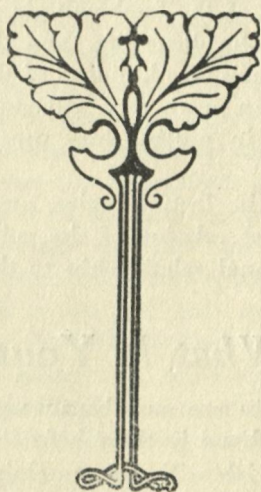
THE rooms we live in are ours because we make them so. Generations of girls have lived in them before us, and as soon as we leave the college, other girls will come to claim them. But now they are ours. No different from any other rooms they were when we came into them. Four walls, cream-colored; a small closet; chairs, table, beds, architecturally speaking, they were rooms. But when we came to live in them, we brought with us the things to make their personality: pictures, books, rugs, and all the little personal treasures that make them distinctively our own. We worked with it, we planned it, and we made them ours.

The Wesleyan magazine has belonged to many classes before us, and will pass from us into the hands of our younger sisters. When we first be-

hold it, before we make it ours, it is, like the room, only a magazine. As long as we leave it to other people to contribute to it, to work for it, and to enjoy it, it is not ours, although we have signed for it in our Fall budget. It is ours only when we put a part of ourselves into its make-up.

Everyone is always busy at school, and if she is not, she thinks she is, which is just as bad. None of us have any too great confidence in our literary ability. We all feel that we are struggling against a hopeless sea of D's and C minuses, especially when those first few themes come back in freshman English. But when we begin to write for pleasure and because we are interested in making the college magazine our own, we soon become interested in the work itself.

In so far as you make it so, the magazine is yours. Write for it, work for it, and in the end it will be yours.



When East Meets West

By SARAH ADDITON, '27



HE wise sophomores struck the nail on the head when they brought Ling Nyi Vee and Ada Lee to K.K.K. court on the charge of being "too cute and attracting attention from the sophs." Such has truly been the case, for there is not a girl in Wesleyan who does not know and love the carefree, lively Ada Lee and the reserved and capable Ling Nyi Vee. And, of course, we can not forget Mrs. Induk Kim who, being a junior, escaped the court sentence.

Our three girls from the East seem so much at home and so free from homesickness that we began to wonder if there could be so much difference in the East and West after all. Ada Lee, of Shanghai, China; and Ling Nyi Vee, of Soochoo, China, are nineteen-year-old freshmen, who plan to remain at Wesleyan four years. They attended the McTyreire Methodist high school in China, and they say there was very little difference in their school life here and there except the lessons are all so long here. They had their Student Government, of which Ling Nyi Vee was president, their Y. W. C. A., and a junior missionary society in their Chinese school.

The only time Ada Lee has not enjoyed every day since she left home was when she was seasick.

Induk Kim of Seoul, Korea, finds things a little more different. While the little girls from China have bobbed hair and are used to it in China, Induk considers it unusual as the few who have short hair in Korea do not have it cut by one who knows how. It just does not look right, so very few do it. She still keeps her own long black hair. She found the greatest difference in our

weather, for it was very much too hot for her. In spite of all this and the fact that her husband is still in Korea, Induk is very happy at Wesleyan and is already growing fond of our country.

Although they are fast adopting our customs all three of our girls from the Orient still cling to their colorful and attractive dresses and adorable parasols. They never wear hats. The greatest difference is in the length of the dresses, but we noticed Ada Lee wore quite a short skirt a few days ago. However, she insists that she did not have enough material for it the reason it was no longer. Also it must have been the hot weather that made her put her hair behind her ears when she was in the library a few weeks ago.

Induk Kim has had such an unusual and interesting life that one might easily write a story about it. Having no girl's school near her home she attended the Chinaman-po Boy's school four years without the boys or authorities ever knowing that she was not a boy. From there she went to high school and then taught music, and at the age of 23, after three years of courtship, she married Kim, whom she is very proud of. He is studying in Tokyo, China, now and she wishes he might come to America to study.

To quote from the "Watchtower" and adding Induk to the two mentioned we would say, "Ada and Ling are like two little brown chrysanthemums transplanted from their native soil. We hope that they will grow and bloom down in Georgia among our wind-blown roses. Their colorful dresses are a new addition to the Wesleyan campus, and their shining eyes and bright minds are a source of inspiration to us."

Alumnae Department

THE LAVENDER AND WHITE OF '26

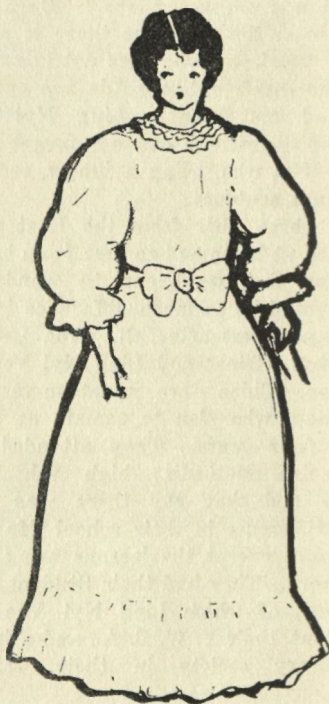
*There are teachers, tourists, and students, too
And some at home are staying.
Some are writing, and then a few
Their husbands are obeying.*

Where is that mass of happy, carefree girls who only yesterday, as it seems, filled our rooms and halls with their gay laughter and happy chatter? It is sad for us who knew and loved those 1926 seniors to know that they are here no more, and yet our hearts swell with pride when we learn that most of them are in various ways helping to make the wheels of this old world go round. Wesleyan is justly proud that she sheltered the class of '26, and our good wishes go out to them where ever they may be.

We are all interested in Roberta Howard who is now doing just the kind of work that she has always liked best of all. This summer she spent two months teaching Nature Study at a girl scout camp in Ohio, and since then she has been in New York at Camp Edith Macy taking a director's training course. As yet she does not know where she is to be stationed, but knowing Roberta as we do, we are sure that success will be hers.

Charlotte Emerson is with the Georgia State Board of Health. She is assistant to the Head of the Typhoid Department in Atlanta, Ga. And Elise Spooner is also in Atlanta. She is at the Davis-Fisher Sanitorium studying to be a laboratory technician.

Five of these girls have entered the business world. Almarita Booth is helping her father in his office in Statesboro. Louise Hammock is business manager in Miss Arbaugh's school for deaf and dumb children in Macon. Sara Jenkins is working with her father who is editor of the Florida Christian Advocate. Carrie Lou Allgood is in Y. W. C. A. work in Asheville, N. C. Elizabeth Peck is working in Macon now. She is super-



visor of the course in archery that was put into the physical education department this year.

A few members of this class have decided to mount higher in the realm of education. Mamie Harmon has renewed her work at the University of Chicago where she studied this summer and from which she plans to receive her M. A. degree. Elizabeth Smith will be at Columbia University this winter. And Glennie Tallent is taking several courses at Wesleyan.

After spending four years in college, some of the girls are planning to enjoy a winter at home. Frances Bates and Virginia Brown will remain in Selma,

Ala. Claudia Dykes, in Montezuma; Helen Dover, in Clayton; Elizabeth Copeland, in Carrollton; Mary Rives, in Sparta; Isabella Richter, in Macon; Edna Rogers, in Jacksonville; Katherine Spring, in Hawkinsville; Martha Middlebrooks, in Macon; Gladys Davis, in Blackshear; Ora Bates, in Ramhurst, and Sara Moon, in Atlanta. Frieda Kaplan is in Chicago visiting her sister; when she returns she will be at her home in Macon. Merrill McMichael, who toured Europe this summer, is in Buena Vista.

But six of this class have not settled in the homes of their parents. They have decided to try their hand in making a home of their own. Frances Cater is now Mrs. Cubbedge Snow and is living in Vineville, Macon. Re Lee Mallory has changed her name to Mrs. E. J. Brown. Besides being a "Mrs.," she is a teacher in Emory Academy at Oxford, Ga. Naomi Smith is now Mrs. William Hodges of Statesboro. Louise Johnson has married Rollie Tillman and is living in Lake Wales, Fla. A bride of September the eighth was Lorealee Watkins, who is now Mrs. Robert Johnson of Lake Wales. The last of this sextet is Margaret Zattau, who recently married Gus Roan of Atlanta.

And yet this is not all of those girls of '26. We must not forget those who here and there are teaching reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. They are: Mary Allman, Thomaston; Rossie Andrews, Americus; Sara Frances Asbury, Florida; Dorothy Baker, Dexter; Maude Alice Barnum, Rosman, N. C.; Lois Bell, Miami; Nellie Ruth Brannen, Waverly, Ala.; Eleanor Brownfield, Montgomery, Ala.; Lucile Bryant, Davisboro; Elizabeth Butner, Randolph County; Elizabeth Cannon, Canton; Charlotte Carruthers, Jacksonville; Mary Alma Cobb, Dublin; Mary Crum, Cuthbert; Lila Doster, Buena Vista; Marie Dover, Lumpkin; Pauline Ellis, Southern College, Lakeland,

Fla.; Helen Goepp, Reinhardt College, Waleska, Ga.; Lola Hagood, Gibson; Isabella Harris, Cochran; Nell Hogg, Ellaville; Frances Holland, Smith Station, Ala.; Marilee Hutchinson, Lake Wales, Fla.; Mildred Jackson, Edison; Sadye Johnson, Baxley; Addie Kellam, Metter; Katherine Lowe, Marshallville; Marian Martin, Perry, Fla.; Louise Maunde, Metter; Marian McNair, Eatonton; Camille Maynard, Gainesville; Elizabeth Middlebrooks, Thomasville; Eleanor Paulk, Ocilla; Helen Perdue, Porterdale; Gabriella Pierce, Cario; Lucile Rodney, Five Points, Ala.; Mildred Sessions, Kite; Elizabeth Sinquefield, Soperton; Nita Smith, Social Circle; Elizabeth Stephenson, Sparks College, Sparks, Ga.; Dorothy Thomas, Shellman; Katherine Walker, Moultrie; Anna Weaver, Macon; Lucile Wilder, Coral Gables, Fla., and Virginia Williams, Cairo.

O, Lavender and White of '26, though another class has taken your colors, there will never be one that can take your place!

Miss Lena Gresham of Waynesboro is the fourth generation in her family to attend Wesleyan. Many years ago her great-grandmother came here. Some years later her grandmother, Miss Lena Shewmake, attended this historic institution; and she sent her daughter, Nona Johnston, to Wesleyan. This year Lena is a freshman at the "Oldest and Best."

The daughters, grand daughters, and great grand daughters of the Wesleyan alumnae had a group picture made which is to be in the next issue of the alumnae magazine.

Miss Bruce Cleckler Flanders, the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Flanders, though only a month old has been registered for the term of 1944 at Wesleyan. Her mother was Miss Bruce Cleckler, a popular member of the class of '22.

Miss Laura Mae Fincher has been enrolled in the class of '40 with her fee paid already.

The Old Plantation

By CARROLL BOYD, '28



USED to anticipate with longing my visits to my great aunt Julia's house.

She did not live amid the rush and bustle of the city, nor in an up-to-date suburb, but far into the country and miles from the railroad station. Of all the emotions and sensations I have felt, none were ever quite like those I experienced on rounding the last bend in the red clay road, straining my eyes for the first glimpse of the towering water tank and the graceful crepe myrtle trees already bursting into riotous pink bloom. From my seat in the old squeaky buggy beside my white bearded old Uncle Jim, I emitted a great sigh which came seemingly from the depths of my heart, making him chuckle with pleasure while his old eyes twinkled from behind the iron rimmed spectacles. I could hardly wait until the ivy-covered well stoop was passed so that I could feast my eyes on the peaceful plantation scene stretched out over the rolling country side before me. The soft summer breezes rustled the grain fields and played in the wheat until they had frolicked away across the crest of the hill down into the dale beyond, to drink at the bubbling spring and rest in the shade of the tall willow trees. Young quail called and answered in the waving fields, while larks sang high overhead. A forbidding hawk passed like a shadow over the cloudless blue, causing a flock of ducks, turkeys, and little chicks to go scampering across the road ahead of us towards the strong sheltering arms offered them by the



stately and fragrant old box trees that bordered the walks and followed the road single file halfway down the hill.

Almost in the same way did the massive, delapidated old colonial farm house beckon to me with an almost motherly air of peace and protection, afforded by its cool and deep recesses. Once inside and settled for my visit, having got through with the damp kisses and voluble welcome of my big, soft, ruddy aunt, I never tired of those long summer afternoons spent sometimes in the hand woven hammock on the front porch, contemplating the yard before me viewed through peepholes in the dense growth of honeysuckle, asparagus fern, and yellow jasmine vines which clung from column to column, zealously defending the wide piazzas from the scorching sun and ruthless storm. Bees bobbed clumsily about over the beds of petunias, mignonette and phlox and buzzed drowsily back to their hives beneath the gnarled old spreading magnolia tree, for a nap—that old magnolia tree always reminded me of a dark green wax hen hovering white chickens beneath her outstretched wings.

A butterfly hovered daintily over a rose bush and floated dreamily on the breeze, making an occasional sudden upward sally when some malicious rooster darted at her.

Stonewall Jackson, the burnished and beloved collie dog opened the gate with a deft fore paw, as any well bred dog with such a name to live up to should, and trotted up the walk to lie down grinning in the cool sand at the door

(Continued on page 49)

Wesleyan's Hall of Fame

By MAUDE McGEHEE, '28



WESLEYAN has a hall of fame. In it are many portraits and and seven tablets of marble which keep before the students and others who come to Wesleyan the memory of men who have helped to make the college what it is—the oldest and the best.

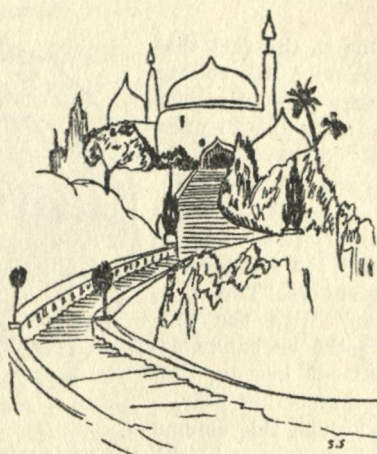
Those who attend the concerts and entertainments in the Wesleyan chapel have noticed in the vestibule, two large tablets. That on the left is erected by the faculty and students of Wesleyan to Dr. Loveck Pierce, who was a trustee of the college for forty-three years. He was the father of Bishop George F. Pierce, Wesleyan's first president, a portrait of whom hangs on the stage to the right. An interesting thing about him is that he signed the first diploma ever given by a woman's college to one of its graduates, that of Mrs. Katherine Brewer Benson, mother of Admiral Benson.

The second tablet in the vestibule is in memory of John Mitchell Bonnell, president of the college from 1859 to 1871. One of his two sons taught physics and chemistry at Wesleyan, and the other still teaches at Oxford Academy, where he has held the chair of science since 1875. A portrait of Dr. Bonnell hangs in the chapel on the left.

For Thirty-Five Years President

Dr. William Capers, whose portrait hangs at the left of the stage, was president of the college for thirty-five years. His tablet on the left bears the inscription, "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him." Mrs. R. F. Burden, of this city is his daughter.

The portrait of George I. Seney, wealthy New York banker, who gave \$125,000 to Wesleyan and the same amount to Emory, hangs at the right of the chapel. May 12, his birthday, is



celebrated as Benefactor's Day at Wesleyan, and one of the dormitories at Emory is named for him.

The two tablets, one to the Rev. Osborn Lewis Smith, for nine years professor and president of the college, and another to the Rev. Crosby Williamson Smith, who was for thirty-six years professor of mathematics and astronomy, are placed on the Georgia Avenue side of the chapel. These men were brothers and uncles of Prof. Leon P. Smith, who is at present vice-president and head of the department of physics and chemistry.

The Rev. James A. Everett, who resided at Fort Valley, and who made a generous donation to the college, has a tablet erected to his memory.

Victim of a Plague

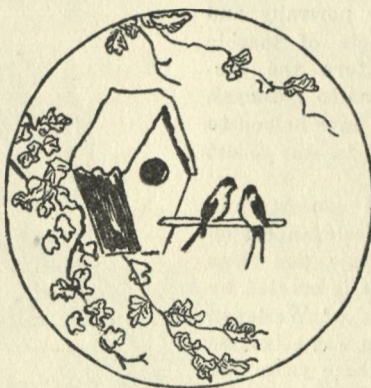
The last tablet on the left reads, "In memory of Edward Howell Meyers, D.D., who died in the city of Savannah, a martyr to duty—" During the scourage of yellow fever in which so many of the people of Savannah died, Dr. Myers refused to leave the city although besought to do so by his friends.

(Continued on page 45)

EXCHANGE

Due to the fact that practically all college literary publications are just going to press and we have no exchanges for the October issue, it seems an appropriate time to acquaint the friends and readers of "The Wesleyan" with the purpose the exchange department has in view for the coming year.

Through this column we keep in touch with the various colleges of our land, and it is our purpose to give to you, through brief criticisms and extracts from the literary publica-



tions put out by the students of these colleges a general idea of the efforts and abilities being shown by the young college students.

In this way we hope to bring the colleges into a closer relationship than heretofore, and by giving the students of Wesleyan an idea of what the students of other colleges

are doing, we hope to create a stimulus to greater activity on our own campus.



William Rockhill Nelson and The Kansas City Star

"He found his city mud, and left it marble."

By DOROTHY BLACKMON



NOTHING so well shows the character of William Rockhill Nelson as the fact that he was asked not to return to Notre Dame at the beginning of his third year and that later that same university conferred a doctorate of laws upon him. A born leader, sometimes he led in ways not quite the straight and narrow. His ideas of justice were strong but not always in accord with those held by the authorities. No where else could this man find as good an outlet for the enterprise energy, inexhaustable ability and keen vision that was his, as in the journalistic world.

He decided on Kansas City for the location of his paper because he saw in it a city with a future, and because he had the uttermost confidence and faith in the people there and the section of the country near by.

It was not a desire of fame or fortune which influenced this powerful architect, lawyer, and bridge builder to enter the field of journalism, but a genuine desire to serve others.

Mr. Nelson sold his interest in the Fort Wayne Sentinel, which his father had owned, and in partnership with Samuel E. Moss founded The Star. The first issue appeared as The Kansas City Evening Star, September 18, 1880. It was a small paper of six columns. During the first year Mr. Moss was compelled to retire from active work on account of his health and left Mr. Nelson sole owner of the paper.

The people of the town of the New West welcomed the new paper cordially. "The papers already established patted the journalistic baby on the head and kindly called it the Twilight

Colonel Nelson's son recently took over The Kansas City Star to continue the policies of his famous father.

Twinkler." Thus the Star began to twinkle from its first little offices upstairs at 407 and 409 Delaware Street.

The Star was only two cents a copy while all the other papers were five cents. At this time the nickle was the smallest coin in general use in the Middle West, and in order to provide pennies enough for his carriers he bought a keg of bright cent pieces from the United States Mint.

From the start the paper had a good circulation and at the end of the first month The Star announced that it had a great many more readers in Kansas City than any other newspaper published there. The rapid increase in circulation increased the cost of printing, and the income from advertisements did not keep pace with expenses so soon the paper was hard pushed to make ends meet. The small capital brought to Kansas City by the publisher soon melted away and he was forced to take advantage of good credit back in Indiana. Without this credit he would have failed. For four years he struggled, always keeping up a brave front and hoping for the success that he was sure would finally come.

The original press was strained to its utmost every day and still fell short of the demand. Mr. Nelson finally settled on buying a Potter Perfecting Press, but knew he would be unable to do this without financial help. He laid his problem before Colonel Kersey Coates, one of the most progressive and far seeing citizens of Kansas City, who assisted him in borrowing the money necessary for the first payment. The new press was installed September 18, 1884, the fourth anniversary of the founding. This marked the beginning of The Star's larger success.

In 1882 The Star overcame its difficulty in getting news service by borrowing money and buying The Mail which had an Associated Press franchise.

Then in 1889 The Star moved to a new specially built building at 804-806 West Yandotte. By means of two new Potter presses, The Star increased its speed of printing to 24,000 eight-page papers an hour.

In five years The Star outgrew this building and moved into one of the finest newspaper buildings in the country. Here the capacity of the paper was increased to the issuing of 60,000 sixteen-page papers per hour.

The Star was forced to move into the largest office in the world in 1911 which the builder hoped would house the paper for at least a half century. Here the paper was issued at the rate of 420,000 sixteen-page papers an hour.

Sunday editions were added in 1894. Seven years later The Morning Times was absorbed and first appeared as the morning edition of The Star. The price of ten cents a week remained unchanged when it delivered its subscribers thirteen papers a week, morning, evening, and Sunday.

Mr. Nelson founded The Weekly Kansas City Star March 6, 1890, an eight-page paper for farmers at a subscription price of twenty-five cents a year. The circulation grew until at his death it went in every state of the Union and many foreign countries.

He did publish not only the news, but spent much time and money in finding plans by which to help his city and the surrounding country. It is said that he wrote miles of argument in favor of good roads for Jackson County and all the Southwest. He sent members of his staff to good road conventions, and sent them out to lecture and to legislate for better roads. Manwhile he published pamphlets on the subject, by the thousands. He insisted on the constructive work being done in a scientific method with an eye to the future.

He even forced the lowering of the

oppressive freight rates by chartering a steam boat which plied between Kansas City and St. Louis. In the same loyal spirit he contributed largely to the erection of a terminal station and the installation of the terminal system, costing about \$50,000,000.

For fifteen years he struggled with the citizens, the bulk of whom had come from the country and small places and were satisfied with the city, before they began to beautify the city with pavement, parks, and boulevards. He spent much time in the study of the best trees, grasses, sods, flowers, shrubs and other greenery for that climate. He also bought squirrels to go free in the parks. At his death one of his subscribers said that for her the monument to his memory was the great elm tree which he had planted before her door.

The Star's standard of public service was lifted high in its thirty-five year struggle in the cause of good government for city, country, state, and nation.

It took advantage of its first opportunity which came seven months after its founding. Under the caption "The City Election," the Star said:

"The Star is for the best men entirely regardless of party." This policy was held to all the way through.

His next fight was against frauds and franchise grabbers. He fought the street railway horse-car monopoly sought by the Thomas Corrigan Consolidated Street Railway Co. The editor's idea of a square deal is set forth in his editorial of August 1, 1895. He continued this fight until his death, because looking to the future as he always did, he saw a city rapid transit was essential and that the surface trolley could not meet the demand. He had watched the old stage supplanted by the horse car, the horse car by the cable and the cable by trolley. He watched the advent of the jitneys from his sick-room with greatest interest.

Always Mr. Nelson was devising plans for city improvement. One of the most

(Continued on page 38)

The Catch-All

By DOROTHY BLACKMON



HERE may not be anything in a name, as most people seem to think, but if there isn't, why do you suppose Addie Funderburke trots around town three days out of each week rounding up "Watchtower" ads?

All the eminent health specialists insist that the spike heel must go. Just to prove that this is the most progressive and sensible student in the h. o. t. c. every girl we've interviewed is in favor of that very same thing. They only differ as to destination.

Carol Ketchum says her spike heels must go—to the pharm as often as possible to make sure the rubber heels of a certain S. A. E. stray not from the straight and narrow.

Sara Lee Edwards says her spike heels must go—to the shoe shop because they are worn on the sides from much wandering to and from the Rialto.

Marion Page says her spike heels must go—walking every afternoon now that they are able, so that she can see a certain Noble young man.

Marion Arnall and Virginia Banks say their spike heels must go—everywhere they go, otherwise they wouldn't be seen because of their extreme briefness.

Thus it would seem Wesleyan's decision is unanimous. Spike heels must go.

* * * * *

Once there were some right big girls
And they had a heap of curls



That they piled up high like a muff.

A bob the barber gave them,

And he permanently waved them,

Then he smiled, and quoth he, "You're the stuff!"

* * * * *

Now this may be no more than a suspicion, but we wonder if the new man on the second floor of Dannenburg's has anything to do with its sudden popularity. We've been told one of his friends remarked, "Well, Bob's always given 'em fits, so he might as well be paid for it."

* * * * *

If Dr. Reuter was, as she confessed at dinner not so long ago, a polar bear in a previous incarnation, that previous incarnation of hers would

feel much at home in the journalism room these days. It's mighty hard on us non-polar-bearish ones though.

* * * * *

Carol and Margaret are trying to bring Georgia building up to date. Since reform as well as charity begins at home, they have nailed a huge "NO SMOKING" sign on their door. They say if Wesleyan will just get "NO PARKING HERE" signs for class rooms and "ONE HOUR PARKING" for the chapel, they'll not have lived in vain and their names'll go ringing down the corridors of time, Main, Annex, and Georgia building.

(Continued on page 56)

"C' EST TOUT, MARIE"

(Continued from page 8)

No—" She racked her brain to remember. She slid her hand under her pillow. Her fingers came in contact with a small leather object. Her French dictionary. But she musn't let Marie know she used one. No indeed, she would have to leave out 'my son.'

"Marie," she gazed thoughtfully out of the window. What should she say, and how should she say it? "Allez the jardin and gather pour moi de fleur." She hadn't said it correctly she was sure, perhaps Marie wouldn't notice this time.

"Oui, madame" Marie could understand that much.

"Et apportez les fleur a la table, Marie."

"Oui, madame."

"C'est tout."

"Merci, madame," she bobbed courteously and, taking the breakfast tray from the bed, withdrew.

* * * * *

"Bon soir, ma cherie—" Marie hummed softly to herself as she arranged the roses on the table in the breakfast room.

She turned away from the table to leave the room when she became aware that a man was standing by the window.

"Pardon," she muttered.

The figure turned at the sound and stood looking at her in the bright morning light. His hair ringlets were smoothed down as flat as water would hold them. He was tall yet gracefully so, and rather athletically thin. His handsome, yet manly face bespoke character—his eyes—youth and the joy of living.

"Why, Phil!" he stepped out into the room. "You!"

"Bob, hush!" Marie was suddenly all panic.

"But, Phil, you here."

"Hush, I say. I'll explain." She heard Claire coming. "Promise to say

nothing," she demanded quickly.

"But, why?"

"Promise—I say—Oh Bob—promise!" there was an agonizing cry in her voice.

"All right, Phil, but can't you—"

"No, hush." Marie had just time to dash to the table and begin rearranging the flowers before Claire opened the door.

"Good morning, son." Mrs. Rumford kissed the boy lightly on the forehead.

"Hallo, mother." Bob was still rather dazed. His eyes followed Marie questioningly.

Claire, noticing his gaze spoke quickly. "That is my maid, Bob. Marie," she called as the maid was edging toward the door.

"Oui, madame." Marie kept her eyes focussed on Bob, who stared wonderingly after her.

"Apportez le repas."

"Oui, madame." She walked rapidly out of the room.

"Who is she, mother?" Bob questioned eagerly.

"Marie," Claire was still thinking of how graceful and genteel Marie's every movement was. "If only my son could love a girl like that, only of a higher rank in life!" she said to herself.

"Marie?" Bob continued to question.

"My new French maid, just from Paris. She uses exquisite French, Bob, and doesn't understand a word of English. As soon as I have trained her well I shall have a luncheon. I have told the club about her, but they have not seen her. They are all quite anxious to do so. I even believe that Caroline and June envy me a great deal."

"But, mother—"

"She has such a Parisien accent, and is so continental. I have grown to depend a great deal on her." Claire moved toward the table.

"How long have you had her?" Bob asked as he seated himself.

"Since June, Bob, dear. I shall want

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to keep her always now. Of course she shall go with us when we return to Paris next Spring."

Five times during the day Claire found her son and her maid alone together. Every time Marie was performing some household duty, hastily, and Bob was reading, (once with the book upside down), smoking or gazing dreamily out of the window.

"Phil!" Bob was pleading one time as his mother found them at the foot of the hall stairs, where Marie had dusted three times already.

Twice she distinctly heard Marie call her son "Bob!" It was preposterous! Her son and her maid!

"Bob," she called as, for the sixth time that afternoon, she found them together.

"Yes, mother," the boy followed her out into the garden.

"Son, you are old enough now—a senior at Tech should be old enough—not to be having affairs with maids. Marie is too fine a girl to lose—I value her very much, but you must remember that she is only a maid—and a foreign one at that."

"But, mother, I don't—"

"Yes, Bob, I understand. So just leave her alone. I would miss her very much if I had to dismiss her."

"Phil," Bob pleaded that night after dinner when he, leaving his mother in the library on the plea of wanting a drink of water, found Marie putting away the dinner dishes.

"Bob, dear." Marie's small hands crept up about his neck. "I've been wanting to explain all day, but every time we get together your mother arrives and ruins it all."

"Let's sit down—somewhere," suggested Bob. "And take off the disgusting apron—you're no servant girl."

"Oh yes I am, M'sieur," and laughing gaily yet softly so that Claire might not hear, she sat down on the cellar steps.

"Now," said Bob—easing down beside her.

"Well," started Marie. "It started this way. I—"

"Marie! Bob!" Claire's surprised tones reached the two so suddenly that Bob sprang to his feet almost upsetting Marie.

"Oui, madame." Marie's usual answer came timidly and in a small frightened voice this time.

"Now, mother—" Bob began.

"Go in the parlor, Bob." Claire commanded rather sternly.

"But, moth—"

"Go in the parlor, son." Bob left the room, casting a hasty glance at Marie who was tying on her apron.

"I'll be all right," her eyes signalled him.

"Marie, I will see you later," Claire said forgetting that the girl did not understand a word of English.'

"Now, Robert, what does this mean?" Claire demanded as she joined her son in the parlor.

"Nothing," Bob muttered from his chair by the fire.

"Then Marie will have to go, of course. How I shall do without her heaven only knows. In fact I can not do without her. You have spoiled my—" Claire sighed as she dropped into a chair.

"Mother, I'm sorry. I—" Bob flicked his cigarette into the fire.

"It can not be helped now. And she was so Parisien—so continental. I'll never find another like her." Claire burst into tears. "You have come and spoiled it all."

"Mother—" Bob arose and faced his mother.

"Call Marie," she interrupted him tearfully.

Bob started to protest, but as he opened his mouth to speak, the door opened and Marie, with a hat in one hand and a suit case in the other, came slowly into the room.

"Marie, I must—" then Claire remembered. "Je desire—no—je—what is it—mon garcon—no—"

"That's all right, Mother she speaks English." Bob suggested.

"Speaks—English!" Claire turned up on Marie. "You!" she stammered.

"Yes, Mrs. Rumford. Now I shall have to explain when everything was going so beautifully." Marie put her hat on the table and dropping the suitcase by a chair, sat down.

"It's time." Bob lighted another cigarette, and propping his elbow on the mantle waited for Marie to speak.

Claire, completely dumfounded by this turn of affairs, sat forward in her chair, waiting.

"Well you see, Mrs. Rumford—it is so nice not to have to think up the French for that—Bob and I are engaged—"

"What!" Mrs. Rumford started from her chair.

"Let her explain, mom," Bob said calmly.

"I met Bob last Fall in Atlanta. Last Spring Jack Darsey, Bob's room mate and an old friend of mine, told me that you never like any girl that Bob goes with. I bet Jack that you would like me if you really knew me. So, finding out that you liked French things—"

"Of all things!" Bob exclaimed.

"I decided to act as a French maid, though I don't know much French."

"Oh yes you do Marie—no—" Claire could not help but interrupt.

"Phil—if you please, Mrs. Rumford—" the girl smiled at Bob.

"And mother was fooled," Bob laughed heartily.

"She had good references, Bob," Claire said haughtily.

"What a joke on you, mother—you said 'She's so continental—so Parisien! Ha-ha—what will your friends say when they hear how you were fooled?'"

Claire fairly crumbled. Her boasts to her friends—her every word at the last bridge game. How her friends had envied her! How they would laugh now—Her French maid an Atlanta society girl!

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"But, Bob—they needn't know," she pleaded.

"Of course not, Bob, we won't tell them. And Mrs. Rumford can say she dismissed her as she would not need a maid while she was travelling abroad with her son and daughter." Phylis finished with an appealing glance toward Bob.

"Of course! Mom, now what do you say? Isn't she the finest girl in all—" He almost pulled Phylis out of the chair, helping her to her feet.

"They would laugh," Claire was still thinking of Margaret Kennon's envious smile and Ellen Barnes' jealous words. She loved to be envied—but not to be laughed at.

"They won't know if you consent to Phil, mom," Bob turned to watch his mother.

"I do like her." Claire looked at the girl a moment. "If they only won't laugh," she wearily arose and opened the door. Her son was to be married, her maid gone. She had discouraged every love affair Bob had ever had, and now she was too late. Her continental maid!

"They won't, mother" the two cried. "C'est tout." Claire closed the door behind her.

"What will you be doing next, Phyllis Marsdon?" Bob asked jokingly as he took her in his arms.

"Je ne sais pas, M'sieur," Phylis answered happily.

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CABBAGE IN A TREE TOP

(Continued from page 15)

"Palm cabbage, John," she answers.

"What did we have the day before?" he inquires.

"Palm cabbage, John," Mrs. John replies for the second time.

"And the day before that," persists Mr. Realtor.

"Palm cabbage, John, we have had it every day since the bank failed."

"Well, concluded her husband, "since we evidently like it so much, let's have it again tomorrow."

Yes, now that he has the time Mr. Realtor is finding palm cabbage such a luscious, savory food that, rumor reports, he has decided to market them on a gigantic scale. Being financially embarrassed at present, however he is finding it necessary to wait until the birds with the beautiful golden wings seek their tropical homes once more.

Who knows what a revolution will there be forth coming in the cabbage industry. Palm cabbage will reign supreme in every grocery store in the United States and in every discussion concerning Florida someone will invariably murmur in estatic tones, "Oh, those delicious palm cabbage."

A TRIP TO THE UNDERWORLD

(Continued from page 22)

again, and at a sudden curve we came out upon stars, and sky and the summer night. When the cars came to a stop outside the mine door, I realized for the first time how tired I was—weary as one who has finished an evening of hard labor. So weary was I, in fact, that I dreamed that night of the mines again, and all through my dreams I was forced to push the coal cars back and forth, back and forth, for hours and hours and hours.

WESLEYAN'S HALL OF FAME

(Continued from page 35)

He said that his duty was with his people and he remained there until he, too, fell a victim of the plague. He was president of Wesleyan two different times, from 1851 to 1854 and again from 1871 to 1874. Among his direct descendants there are twelve who are at present missionaries in Korea and Siberia.

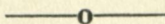
But Wesleyan's hall of fame is not confined to the chapel building. In the grand parlor of Main building there are several other portraits.

Opposite the door hang two portraits, one of Mrs. Mary Hammond Washington and the other of her son, Hugh Vernon Washington. Both of these are known well in the South as well as to Macon people, because of their prominence in patriotic and literary circles.

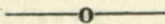
Mrs. Washington is distinguished as being one of the first real Daughters of the American Revolution, her father, Col. Samuel Hammond, being an officer in the Revolutionary War. She was also the first regent appointed to organize a Southern branch chapter of the D. A. R. and made the first contribution to the Memorial Continental Hall in Washington, D. C. In the portrait at Wesleyan she is wearing a D. A. R. pin. She died in 1901.

The round portrait on the left wall of the parlor is of Prof. Thomas Bogue Slade, grand father of Mrs. Fannie Prescott Ross, of Macon. Mr. Slade came to Georgia and lived at Clinton which in those days was a very aristocratic little town. When his daughters grew up there was no opportunity for the education of his girls. He established a girls' school at Clinton.

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When the movement to open Wesleyan started, Professor Slade was asked to come and help in the organization of the college. He brought thirty pupils from the school, at Clinton and formed the nucleus of the college. He became the first head of the department of science, having classes in natural philosophy.

A portrait of Dr. Bass hangs on the right wall. He is remembered by the women who were here during his presidency, with love and admiration.

The large portrait in the center of the left wall is of Jefferson Davis. This portrait was given to the college by the U. D. C. of Macon. When Davis stopped over in Macon in 1887 he spent the time at the home of Mrs. Marshall J. Johnson on Georgia Avenue. There is a bay window in this house where Davis stood and shook hands with the Wesleyan girls as they walked by.

A new painting of Judge Dupont Guerry by Nicholas Brewer has lately been presented to the college. Judge Guerry was a trustee for a number of years and president for six, 1903 to 1909. The college had undergone reverses during the administrations immediately before his, and, at a meeting of the trustees, it was decided to elect a new president. Judge Guerry was nominated at once and unanimously elected. The college began growing immediately and reached its highest development up to that time during his presidency. He was greatly loved by the girls and the faculty. A characteristic remark made by him was to the effect that during his lifetime he had had many honors but the greatest of them was to walk to church on Sunday mornings at the head of the line of Wesleyan girls.

A CORDIAL WELCOME

*To Wesleyan
Students*

**R. S. THORPE
BEAUTY PARLOR**

THE GENTLE ART OF HORSE TRADING

(Continued from page 11)

begins to puff and blow for its breath at the slightest load to be drawn or distance to be travelled, that said horse is of no more value on the farm. It is subject to the incurable lung infection brought on by over work, that malady being the one referred to when an animal is termed "winded." "Old Rusty" was demonstrating this malady ably. A few moments later the driver became aware that Rusty was no more surefooted than the nag he formerly owned but was constantly stumbling.

"Well," he chuckled optimistically to the toe of his boot, "she ain't quite so swayback, and I don't see she's weak kneed, yet." He had the grace to laugh good naturedly, but the final blow fell when Rusty walked straight into two wash tubs in his own back yard. She was also blind!

Two weeks later the same weather beaten little man sat in the same place smoking his pipe in short rapid puffs. In the intervening days he had truly made the best of the bargain. He had utilized all of Rusty's possibilities, and from his results seemingly invented some. Looking her over he decided to shear her. Shorn of her shaggy sunburnt coat and thoroughly washed and brushed from nose tip to tail tip, she looked like a different animal. The removal of dirt and long hair disclosed two white socks, and to the utter amazement of Meaders, he found blazened on one haunch, a brand which proclaimed that Rusty had really been a thoroughbred. It did not take long for the good food and gentle treatment to begin to have the desired effect. She was nowhere on the scene when the shriek of ungreased axles again filled the air, from the direction of the sumacs. The farmer's eyes fairly crackled in their altered sharpness. Woe be unto his victim.

"Howdy, neighbor," he called genially

as farmer Hayes' vehicle came to a groaning stop before him.

"Wal, what you aim to do about it?" whined the latter without further pretense. His knightly demeanor was somewhat diminished.

"What's that?" Marvin queried in seemingly great puzzlement. "You know good as I do!" snorted the newcomer. "You knowed all the time you was a-cheating me out of my good hard-earned money and my good hoss. I'd 'a' been here 'fore now, but this here critter wus so harness sore I couldn't git here till today. And I come to ax you what yer's a 'aiming ter do about it."

"Nothin,' I reckon," came between long gleeful puffs. What you want done about it?"

"Want done! I want my money back, you old rascal!"

Mr. Meaders' mouth twitched mischievously, and he almost started to ask, "You don't want that good horse of yours back, too?" But after the way of horse-traders decided not to exhibit his own battle scars.

"I sure never told you there wasn't nothing wrong with that sorrel mare. You took her as she stood, so I ain't bound to do nothin' at all 'bout it now. A coroner don't have to hold inquests on his own self when he dies, but just to show you how ready and willin' to oblige I am, I'll tell you what I'll do wi' you—"

Forthwith he disappeared into the stable and returned shortly leading a coal black mare of rather large proportions although a trifle lean for a horse of farmer Meaders'. His glossy mane and tail wavered brightly in the breeze.

"Look her over," commanded the charitable Marvin as he stood aside himself to enjoy the spectacle. As he saw the look of longing rise so noticeably to the other man's eyes, his joy was complete, his compensation full.

"I like them white sox on her ankles," was Hays' sole comment. Marvin decided that it would be thirty-five dollars to boot this time.

The jovial smile settled back into its wonted position over the visage of Marvin Meaders. His faithful pipe was restored to its place in its corner of his generous mouth, his left foot patted in space as he sat cross-legged against the barn door. The "sorry little plough horse's" occasional whinney of contentment between munches of corn and oats, was music to his ears. He watched a tender green grass hopper hop by pursued hotly by an unavailing big red rooster. He twicked his nose and winked at the cow. Yes, the LOOK had returned. He was scanning the length of the highway with squinted eye in search of a prospective horse swopper.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

(Continued from page 6)

the "parlor" chair—tired hands nervously twitching. For years she had tearfully prayed for this moment, and now she fairly quaked in anticipation. She was

expecting the prodigal son to arrive any minute.

A boy was crowned emperor at the age of twenty. He chose as his motto the words "Plus Oultre," because he expected to extend his dominions, his power, and his influence until the end.

The small girl stood poised on the top-most step, ready to plunge out into space. Her father had said "Jump!" and she was expecting him to catch her safely.

A tall, gaunt man sat in the President's chair, and fearlessly advocated movements against which existed all manner of opposition. He expected to see that the slaves of the South were emancipated.

The optimist walked briskly in the early morning to his desk. The day was cold, and it was raining; unfinished work was piled high on his desk. But the optimist whistled. He expected to get the most out of life, while the opportunity was his.

Another, a father, toiled unceasingly, cheerfully giving his all that the daughter might obtain a college education. He expected her to make a mark in the world.

A man set sail courageously on a long and perious journey. The sailors trembled with apprehension, but he met the dangers calmly. He expected to discover a shorter route to East India.

In the jungles of Africa, a scientist and his wife labored tirelessly in their laboratory from early day until the approach of darkness. They expected to detect the small, deadly germ which was spreading the fatal sleeping-disease among the natives.

And I—I, though the "least of these," have my great expectations.

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FINDING MY NICHE AT WESLEYAN (Continued from page 9)

many charms. After that I became known by the note book in my hand, my hair behind my ears, my nose sharpened for news. Not a beautiful picture of a young scribe, not every time a successful one, but always a happy one.

Only last year the provocative little Jester called me and I chased him for many weary moons over hill and dale until he made his appearance here. I didn't give him all my attention, however. I followed in the pathway of the poets of the centuries and read with greatest delight their lyrical passages. Chaucer became my good friend, and I was introduced to Milton and was impressed with stern Puritanism. I read of the drama and developed an avid taste for the blood-thirsty tragedy of the olden period.

The years have slipped lightly and pleasantly by, I find. It makes me sad to think that the day of my graduation is so near. I've accomplished nothing that the freshman girl, that was I, dreamed of. I've left so many things undone. I hope that I can be a true daughter of Grand old Wesleyan, and that I will have found my niche in the way to serve her before I've departed these magic portals.

But hark, O Senior, you wax sad. 'Tis time to be merry. However I can say only that I love the Wesleyan-That-Is with all my heart, and if loving will make a niche against her warm breast, then I have surely made it.

THE OLD PLANTATION (Continued from page 34)

step. I think he must have shared my amusement. The joke was about the gate. There was no sign of any fence left for it to lean upon. Yet, every one who entered still reached through and unclicked that lock and stepped politely through the gate, as if to humor its whim. There it stood in the sunlight gleaming with its whitewashed pickets prim and proper as could be, with only the two proud spotless gateposts gallantly standing by as sentinels to guard and hold within, to the very last, the cherished customs and traditions of the faded, beautiful, leisurely old South of bygone days.

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WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON AND THE KANSAS CITY STAR

(Continued from page 50)

interesting events of his life was his assistance in improving the water supply. He considered the best way to put over his plans was to enlist others and let some one else get the credit, rather than take it for The Star. After his death, Mr. N. S. Epperson told of how Mr. Nelson had inspired him to work up public bathing houses.

The common welfare was always his first consideration. "The Star," Mr. Nelson used to say, "is published for the people who pay ten cents a week. It must be their champion in everything."

One of the countless instances of Mr. Nelson's democracy and sense of fair play was his standing against the wealthy and powerful men who were fighting to prevent the passing of the Workmen's Compensation bill. When they complained they would be ruined, he replied, "I am never afraid that the men on top of the mine cannot take care of themselves. My concern is for the men at the bottom of the mine digging the coal."

During the Spanish-American war he sent a reporter down to get true conditions. When they were reported as "actual starvation" he began a campaign for relief funds. Eight days later eight hundred tons of supplies and \$12,000 in cash were on a steamer speeding to the starving people of Matanzas.

Finding out that the unfortunate poor and the feeble minded of Jackson county were living in an old rambling house in dirt and filth, through The Star he soon got the insane put in a hospital and the poor installed in a commodious country home.

Mr. Nelson was primarily a great editor. He put his whole heart, time, and money into founding an individual paper. He would send suggestions back while on his vacation. He once remarked, "The Star is my life."

He wanted his paper to differ from others. He did not enjoy traveling the well-trodden path. Anything that especially appealed to him or that he enjoyed very much, no matter what it was, he had placed on the front page. The Star was a pioneer. He disliked the sensational and refused to use half-tones because they smeared and blurred in rapid printing and the mechanical reproduction did not bring out the individuality as the line drawings.

He never published an article reflecting on the private life of any person unless a court proceeding made it necessary. He refrained from all clubs for fear their policies would influence his paper. His advertisers were never allowed to dictate to the paper. He refused a \$100,000 whiskey advertisement when the paper was struggling financially, because he was convinced that drink was one of the greatest evils in the country.

The employees were not simply members of the staff, but part of the paper. In the editorial room Mr. Nelson's desk was in full view of all and it was there he stayed all day. Every man in the room was free to council him and if they did not he often sent for them. He consulted his reporters as he did his officials, and constantly emphasized the importance of the reporter.

Even at his death and in his will he kept his motto of service for others for he left his property in charge of wife and daughters as trustees, the proceeds to go into trust fund.

Colonel Nelson, the founder of The Star, died April 13, 1915, leaving to American journalism a record probably unequaled by any other man. One of the greatest editors of his day, he was also a masterful publisher, and unofficial statesman. He never held a public office, declined to sit on the platform of any public gathering, never held a dollar of stock in any public corporation, and served only his news paper and the people.

THE COUNT DE FARABEAN OF PARIS

(Continued from page 26)

consult my own lawyer, and nothing else can be as important as the conversation I wish to continue with Major Reynolds," and leaving the exasperated lawyer behind, she glided out on the arm of the tall major, who glanced back half apologetically at Aberdeen and murmured something about the ladies always having their own way.

Aberdeen turned about with a flushed face to look for the little dried-up man always referred to as the husband of Mrs. Archibald Smythe and never as Archibald Smythe. When he saw the little man hemmed into a corner by the talkative spinster, Mary Goldberg, he went to look for his wife confident he would find his host in the same place when he returned.

Betty Aberdeen was not ready to leave such a lovely reception this early, but when her husband looked so determined as that she always obeyed. She went to get her cape and wait for him in the hall. She could not help wondering what he was doing when she saw him hurry across the room and rescue the grateful little Smythe from his chattering guest. Smythe was smiling as he led Aberdeen to a room where they could talk in privacy—probably about some business matter. She hid behind a tall palm, so that no one would notice that she was preparing to leave early. She had been there several minutes when a quick step

sounded on the stairs and she peeped out to behold a tall man bundled in a big overcoat with his hat well down over his eyes come hurriedly by her bearing a large black bag. He looked so much like the count that her curiosity got the better of her shyness and she stepped out in the light just before he reached her. He stopped, startled, his hand flying to his hip pocket from which he drew his handkerchief as he recognized her.

"Why, count, you are not leaving?" she asked excitedly.

"Sh—" he cautioned, "I just received a telegram from my brother in New York saying it is important that I leave at once, but as I did not wish to break up the party, I left Mrs. Smythe a note and am slipping out. I am glad to see you again though, my dear," and he took her hand in his, kissed it, and was gone before she recovered from her surprise.

A moment later there were harsh voices outside and a muttered curse. The sound of steps behind her caused Betty to turn and see her husband and Mr. Smythe. The little man was fairly bristling with excitement as he barked out to her, "Has he come out yet? Did he get away?"

"Who, what are you talking about?"

"Betty dear, has Farabeau been here?" her husband replied.

Before she could answer the door was thrown violently open and two policemen forced their way into the room with the

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struggling and defiant Farabeau between them, insisting that Mrs. Smythe be called to protect him from this insult. The guests alarmed at the noise were soon crowded into the hall and Mrs. Smythe forced her way out and ordered the officers to release the count.

Then for the first time in his life the husband of Mrs. Archibald Smythe made himself heard in his home.

"Officers, open that bag, and you, my good man, see to it that this thief does not escape. My dear," he added, turning to his wife as one of the officers emptied out a bag of jewels, "Lawyer Aberdeen warned me, in time to call the police, that he had convicted this man of stealing the duchess of Bartenbroke's jewels, while he was her French butler. We were talking when we heard him slip by up the steps, and so we had the police waiting for him."

OUR OWN BOODSHELF

(Continued from page 24)

almost too good to be true. It is easy to imagine him agreeing with Anatole France that "To understand all things is to forgive all things."

The description of the archaeological discoveries in the west is illuminating. The cliff villages, which contain weapons, tools, food, clothes, preserved bodies, and the conjectured causes for the complete annihilation of the tribe—all give plenty of food to the imagination concerning our remote American inhabitants. It is a colorful picture of one of the highest civilizations of the Vanished Americans.

Although the following book is old and although it is not in the Wesleyan library it seems worthy of one moment's notice. The Plastic Age, despite its very doubtful name, gives the experiences of a college student throughout his four college years in such a manner as to be a possible aid to some of us in a few of our dilemmas. It is written from the viewpoint of a student, giving the good and the bad side of student

life. Possibly overdrawn in some places, although conditions at boys' colleges may be in detail like Sanford College, it still remains enough like the typical college to give us a picture of ourselves as others see us and as we see ourselves. The worship of heroes, the undemocratic feeling among certain of the students, the almost criminal waste of time on things of no value when access is possible to the most valuable possessions of the ages, these and a few other true faults of the present day college are portrayed. On the other hand it is shown that many good things can be found in college such as Hugh Carver studying with his homesick friend to make him less lonely, real friendships, even entailing sacrifices, and the companionship between a student and a professor. It answers the questions that at some time arise in the mind of all students, among them being, "Well, I hear this, that, and the other. Do all young people do these things?" The answer is given, they do not. It is the small percentage who do these things and are talked about that gives the black name to all college students and that undermines the guiding principles of young people.

The Private Life of Helen of Troy will be reviewed next month.

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SISTER

(Continued from page 12)

camouflaged by a layer of cold cream and powder. Those wrinkles were like a stimulant to my poor heart, for my mother's wrinkles merited my scorn. Since I had found my point of vantage, I glanced with more critical eyes at her hair. The Duchess herself could not have piled it more elaborately upon her hair. It was still brown though in a second my critical eyes perceived the rusty look around the edges. As young as I was I had heard of the tragedy of getting grey.'

"Come, my child, sit down, so that I may ask you a few questions. We must know each other better. I regret exceedingly never—" and here her words passed out of my consciousness. I regret exceedingly, too, but I felt sure we were not regretting the same things. I regretted the evil genius who inflicted such occasions upon little girls. Though I did not hear her, I would venture to say that her regrets had something to do with a very young lady whose record in school was not altogether to the elevation of family tradition.

In the mean time she seated herself. First, the voluminous skirts settled in vast areas around her. She held her body erect, unless perhaps it was tilted slightly toward me. I think her eyes, attaching themselves so firmly upon mine, pulled the rest of her body forward.

"Now, let me see, what rank do you occupy in school?"

"Ma'am?"

"Such training!" her raised eyebrows seemed to say, "Do not say 'Ma'am,' my child. That is passe."

"Has your mother never taught you what to say?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Her hands dropped limply to her sides. I thought she must have a headache, judging by the pained expression on her face. She recovered soon, however, to fire questions at me so fast that my opinion of her went several degrees above freezing point. If she could throw balls as fast as questions she would make a dandy pitcher for the baseball team we little third-graders were trying to organize.

She was a genuine grown-up. I have since learned that this kind of person, whom Kenneth Graham calls Olympian, is to be pitied rather than despised, and forgiven rather than feared. She tried to win me with a fairy story, told with the same degree of enthusiasm my teacher used in explaining arithmetic. As the story progressed the gulf between us widened. By the time she had safely done away with the charming prince and left the princess to live happy ever after in the presence of her duties, the gulf was so wide I could scarcely see her on the other shore.

Next, she took me for a walk in the garden, a little island of grass surrounded by a sea of cement walks. She held

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my hand gingerly in hers as if she were afraid of being scorched while the tips of her fingers felt to me like clammy goldfish on our sun-parlor table.

As we walked she talked of ambition and learning, while I thought of the far distant hour when I might be free to return to my joyous play back home. She talked down to me from the pinnacle of her adulthood, and when I ventured a response, my voice rose high and very loud, because of the distance it must carry to reach her across the gulf.

In the corner of the garden, beneath a well-bred city tree, she came to a sudden halt. The moral lecture ceased and she dropped on her knees to the ground, allowing the shiny skirts to trail unheeded in the dirt. ,

"The poor little thing!" she exclaimed, and her voice for once sounded human. Tenderly she lifted a half-dead robin from the ground and held it to her, stroking its feathers.

"When I was a little girl I loved robins best of all birds. Which do you like best?" she asked, and her face was strangely motherish and sad. ,

Together we took the bird to the house and cared for it, until—well, now, of all my family, I alone still call her "Sister." ,

FAIR AND WISE

(Continued from page 14)

and his manly stride was grace beside their hobble walk. The girls looked upon him and found him pleasing to their hearts. When he spoke they opened their ears, and listened and remembered. And the knowledge of the maids increased much, even tenfold.

But there was one maiden who was more fair than the rest. And the young man smiled upon her. Then many young girls sought to be beautiful. And some put white powder on their faces to make them soft and fair. And some scented their hair with perfumed oil,

and some put black dye on their hair to make it the color of the raven. The young maidens grew more and more beautiful, and their eyes became bright, and their hearts very light with love.

But there was one maiden who was more wise than all the rest. The wise young man smiled upon her also, and favored her. And many maids sought to be more wise. They rose with the sun and bent over their scrolls far into the night. Their wisdom became great. But the shoulders of the maidens grew bent and stooped, and the eyes grew small and squinted. Their faces verily became gray and coarse, and their walk ungainly. They were no longer fair to look upon.

Now, the wise young man, the handsome young man favored the maidens who were fair more than those who were wise. The maiden who was the fairest of the fair, he took unto himself for his wife. And, as the old chronicle says, the hearts of all the maidens were most sad, for they had loved the fair young man. They grieved for a day and a month, then the wise girls turned to their books and the beautiful girls gazed at the reflection of their fair faces in the pools of the land. And they have been, wise and fair, even unto this day, and even so are the freshmen at Wesleyan.

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TWO PLUS TWO EQUAL—?

(Continued from page 20)

fever must be a hundred and three or four. Do you know Dr. Napier's telephone number?" She went to phone.

Peggy in Phyllis' arms, went into tears. "Phyl," she sobbed, I've got to tell him. He may die! Oh, Phyl, he may die!" and sympathetically Phyllis Lee sobbed back, "Yes and his eye may be put out."

By this time, Don was dressed and here the conquering hero came. In concession to his artistic sense, he had drapped a gorgeous orange and green silk handkerchief sideways across his head and the offending member, thus adding greatly to the effectiveness of his appearance.

Phyllis Lee, her show of indifference a thing of the past, ran to his side and carefully guided him to the table.

Mr. James, coming out of Paul's room, was met by an openly repentant Peggy who demanded audience with the sick man. Mr. James hesitated and his last shreds of conventionality were lost. "Just a minute," he promised, and went in to adorn the glowing Paul in a dressing robe and prop him up with pillows from all over the cottage.

"All right" he called, and in rushed Peggy. Straight to Paul's cot she ran, and before the gaze of the astonished Mr. James, she kissed him, his feverish face no hotter than her tear stained one.

"Oh! Paul, honey," she whispered breathlessly. "Please, don't die 'fore I can tell you all about it. I don't really like Don. Please don't die, Paul. If you do it'll be all my fault and oh"—She stopped speaking as the tears came again.

Paul gazed at her in wonder.

"Please say you know I don't love

Don. Won't you Paul? And you just can't die. I've got to tell you."

"Tell what?" asked Paul slowly.

"That I don't like Don. Don't you see—Cookie told Phyl what you and Don were going to do, so we framed up too. Why, I've even seen Don get spanked, I couldn't love him. Paul you know I love you, don't you? And I've just been nice to Don to pay him for teasing Phyllis. Honest, Oh, Paul, don't die, please don't die!

The astonished Paul was speechless no longer. "Don't you mind, honey," he said, "Nothing can kill me now."

And in a few moments, "Shall we ask 'em if they want to make it a double wedding?"

Out on the lake that night the full moon did not go unnoticed or unappreciated. The course of the canoe which drifted ever nearer the bank was left to a kindly and wise province. With a jar it nosed the bank and brought the couple in it to a consideration of prosaic, everyday affairs, such as wedding dates, salaries and other young couples.

"Seriously now," Don asked, "Phyl, weren't you just a little bit interested in Mac? He's a fine—"

"Now Don! Don't be jealous and don't start off by being suspicious of me. I'd just as soon love the scaffold of the Woolworth building or an animated bean pole. He's larger than you, but do you think he'd ever fight for a girl and take a black eye for her?"

If Donald Saunders' conscience hurt him for accepting this unearned praise, he endured the pain manfully and said nothing.

"How's Paul?" Phyllis continued. "Has his swell time started yet?"

"Not yet" Don smiled, "but soon. Say, Phyl, to see Peggy you'd think he had diptheria or scarlet fever, wouldn't you, 'stead of mumps?"



THE CATCH-ALL

(Continued from page 39)

Freshman Fable

This wasn't once upon a time,
It was that other time,
And there was
A little freshman who,
Strange as it may seem to be,
Roomed in Annex.
She was a sweet little freshman
With high ideals and skirts.
This, by the way, is a story
Of high life as it is lived on the
Fourth floor.
One night as she looked up
From the Watchtower and out of her
Fourth floor watch tower
She saw a big man whom it looked like
Would fill a great big open space
And he held a Jack O'Lantern.
"Oh, me! Oh, my!" cried the little
Freshman "who is that?
It can't be little boy blue
'Cause he's all in black.
It can't be Diogenes
'Cause he's not in town.
It can't be Santa Claus
'Cause there isn't any.
It can't be a witch
'Cause there isn't a cat.
It can't be Miss Wendell
'Cause she's a she.
I bet it's the night watchman."
And it was.

It must be awful to have a lot of sense.
Eva's so wise her wisdom tooth hurts
all the time, and Alberta says she's got
so much in her (Alberta's) head, she
can't think.

* * * * *

Evelyn Aven is wondering if the girls
from the Orient are being oriented.

* * * * *

When the Freshman girl left for the
station,

Her Mother, with loud lamentation,
Cried, "I know you'll be ill!"

Quoth the daughter, "I will,
For I'm threatened with Orientation!"

—M. C.

* * * * *

Now, if you don't mind, we'll be led
by the Slick Sextette in singing, "My
Gal Slipped On a Banana Peel So I
Stood Her Up."

To quote from our Miss Harrelson,
"If you don't know the tune, sing the
air" and if you don't know the air you
might hum it.

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